

# Zion's Herald

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## Zion's Herald.

CHARLES PARKHURST, Editor.  
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All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.

## The Outlook.

The first attempt, so far as we knew, to utilize the energy of tides for practical purposes, is to be made at Santa Cruz on the Pacific Coast. A \$20,000 dynamo has been constructed, which will be operated by a head of water raised by the tide; and the electricity thus generated will be applied to lighting the streets and houses, and to propelling the street cars. If the earth continues to rotate, the managers of this enterprise believe that their experiment will succeed.

That the Manitobans will not submit to coercion, and that the re-establishment of separate schools in that province is hopeless, is recognized by at least one Roman Catholic dignitary, the Archbishop of Toronto, who very sensibly advises his church in the Dominion to give up the struggle. Twenty-five years ago, when Manitoba was forced into the Confederation, the Catholics numbered half the population of 12,000; today, with a population of 150,000, the Catholics number only 15 per cent, and even this minority is not a unit for separate schools. No remedial bill that the Ottawa cabinet can devise will be accepted in Manitoba. The repudiation of separate schools is unalterable.

## A Son of Maine.

The unanimous election of Senator William P. Frye of Maine to the presidency *pro tempore* of the Senate was a fitting honor. Ten years of faithful service in the House and fifteen in the Senate, during which he has taken part in every important issue and won the palm of being the most eloquent debater in Congress, together with the fervor and sincerity of his character and his thorough impartiality, single him out as being pre-eminently worthy to fill the chair of the Vice President in the latter's absence. It should be remembered that he does not resign his senatorial rights by accepting this office. The Vice President can only vote when there is a tie, and may not leave the chair to take part in debate. The President *pro tempore* can vacate the chair and speak or vote on any question. With one of her sons leading the national Senate and another the national House, and a third the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and a fourth occupying the highest judicial office in the country, Maine has reason for honest pride.

## Mr. Corbin's Free Port Project.

Fort Pond Bay, a deep water harbor at the end of Long Island, five miles west of Montauk Point, is the port selected for the extension of the manufacturers' bonded warehouse system by Mr. Corbin and his associates. Instead of a single building he proposes a walled port containing many buildings, into the harbor of which ships may enter or depart without paying the usual fees and dues; and where foreign goods may be transhipped or otherwise handled, or raw material manufactured for exportation, and no customs be collected except for articles entered for home use. The proprietors propose to bear all the expense of opening and maintaining this port, including the building of breakwaters, the dredging of the channel, the erection of lights, and to conduct the affairs of the port under regulations drawn up by the

Treasury Department. They will give bonds as now required by law in the case of a bonded warehouse. The project is being pushed before the appropriate committees of both houses of Congress. The only objection that we have thus far seen is made by the manufacturers of Long Island, who maintain that permission to manufacture imported raw material in the proposed free port and ship it to foreign countries free of duties will result in an unfair discrimination against outside makers.

## The New Cure for Consumption.

Dr. Cyrus Edson, of New York, discovered it. He calls it "aseptolin." It is not a serum; it is simply a germicide. Its principle constituents are water, pilocarpin and phenol. It is introduced into the system hypodermically, thus saving the stomach from derangement. Dr. Edson was led to devise his remedy by noticing that phenol, or carbolic acid, is at all times to be found in the blood; he also observed that nature herself in disease increases the amount of carbolic acid over one thousand times; he concluded, therefore, that carbolic acid is nature's remedy. The difficulty of injecting phenol into the blood stream lay in the way; any known solution of it produces an abscess; Dr. Edson believes that he has conquered this difficulty in his new preparation. Phenol acid and creosote have already been recognized as beneficial in tuberculous cases; these are administered by the mouth; Dr. Edson maintains that the blood itself should be used directly as the disinfecting medium. Some fifty physicians are using his preparation both for consumption and malaria, and with remarkable results so far. Its immediate effect, says its inventor, is "to directly inhibit bacterial development, and consequently to diminish the production of poisonous bacterial products." Further, "it stimulates glandular activity." The new remedy is certainly a very promising one. In all but four cases out of 216 in which it was used improvement followed.

## Ecuador's Proposition.

The Government of Ecuador has issued a circular to the republics on this continent — Northern, Central and Southern — suggesting that a Pan-American Congress be held in August next in the City of Mexico. The primary topic proposed for consideration is "the enactment of a public law of America which, paying due respect to all legitimate rights, shall give to the American Monroe Doctrine all the extent that it desires and all the guarantees necessary to enforce its respect." Commercial relations and the development of industrial enterprise, "without prejudice to the interests and welfare of each country," are also mentioned as subjects worthy of consideration. The circular is couched in admirable language, with a clear foresight of the difficulties which might arise to frustrate the beneficent result hoped for, and with special clauses which banish such difficulties from the field of discussion. It has not been the policy of this government thus far to unite with our sister republics for the purposes named. Years ago the House of Representatives adopted a resolution to the effect that the United States should not become a party with the Spanish American republics to any joint declaration concerning the interference of European powers with their form of government; "but," the resolution reads, "the people of the United States should be left free to act in any crisis in such manner as their feelings of friendship toward those republics and as their own honor and policy at the time dictate." Present conditions may justify the abandonment of this conservative policy; yet it is difficult to see what would be the practical value of concurring in the enactment of "a public law of America" when we have already enacted it by an official utterance in behalf of one of these weaker republics which puts this country in risk of a war with Great Britain.

## Sandford Hunt Dead.

As we were preparing the paper for press, the following telegram was received from Rev. Dr. Earl Oranston, of Cincinnati, bearing date of Feb. 11: "Dr. Hunt died of apoplexy last night as he was entering the hotel." This announcement will carry a sense of profound grief to the



Rev. Sandford Hunt, D. D.

**Methodist Episcopal Church.** Few are the men who were so generally beloved, revered and honored by our Methodism. He did his work so loyally and with such unselfish devotion that he had rightly won a peculiar place in the confidence and affection of the entire church. His life was so well balanced, his religion was so pervasive, he was so free from unholy ambitions, and so considerate and tender of others, that he lived on a plane where not even suspicion or misapprehension reached him. He carried his great heart on his sleeve, and it was a delight to see the guileless, honest, noble soul express itself. Never shall we forget the rare privilege which we enjoyed in going with him, at his request, from Boston to Bucksport by boat and return to attend the last session of the East Maine Conference. Sitting at his side on the steamer, he poured out his aspirations for the church, the Book Concern, and the Missionary Society, with a frank and delightful abandon, the impressions of which now return with painful joy.

Dr. Hunt was born of Methodist stock in 1825, in western New York, and was converted and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church at the age of fifteen. He graduated at Allegheny College in 1847, taking the honors of his class in Latin, and the same year joined the Genesee Conference. He early manifested unusual financial ability in church building and as a trustee of educational institutions. He was elected to General Conference in 1872, and has been a member of each succeeding General Conference. In 1876 he was elected a member of the General Book Committee, and in that position showed marked ability. He was first elected Book Agent by the Book Committee, March 3, 1879, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Rev. Dr. Reuben Nelson. At the General Conference held in Cincinnati in 1890 he was re-elected to that office. He has been re-elected with practical unanimity at each succeeding General Conference. Upon the death of Mr. Phillips he became treasurer of the Missionary Society and has discharged the onerous duties of that great office with signal fidelity and wisdom. His death will create a painful vacancy at the meetings of the General Missionary Committee. He kept himself critically informed concerning every mission-field and each missionary, and cherished a tender and helpful relation toward all. His counsel, advice and conservatism were invaluable in making the yearly appropriations.

A greatly useful and wholly noble life is

ended. We cannot do him anything like adequate justice in this sketch, which must of necessity be so hastily prepared for this issue. He was in Cincinnati at the time of his death, attending the meeting of the Book Committee. His residence was in Brooklyn, and he was a member of St. John's Church, of which Rev. Dr. J. W. Johnston is pastor. A wife and several children survive him, one of whom is Mrs. Sanford, wife of Rev. Dr. A. B. Sanford, assistant editor of the *Methodist Review*.

## The Bonds Awarded.

To the Treasury officials and representative bankers who awaited a week ago today in Secretary Carlisle's office the opening of the bids for \$100,000,000 thirty-year 4 per cent. United States gold bonds, the announcement made at 12.30 o'clock by Comptroller Eckles that 3,707 bids had already been scheduled representing subscriptions amounting to over \$380,000,000 at prices ranging from par to 119, caused surprise and intense gratification. When it was learned later that the total number of bids was 4,644 and the amount subscribed was \$558,269,850, and that the price ranged as high as 180, the astonishment of financiers was extreme. No one dreamed there was so much gold in the country as these figures implied. No one supposed that capitalists, after the public credit had been so seriously jeopardized by the silverites in the Senate, would be eager to offer gold for the relief of a treasury which might any day be required to enter upon a silver basis. The magnificent response to the President's call, offering more than five times the loan proposed, was one of the most pleasing revelations of popular confidence in the rectitude and ability of the Government that has come to light for many a year. In allotting the bonds, the offer of Mr. Morgan to take the entire sum, or any fraction of it, at 110.6877 settled the price. All below were rejected. The 780 bids above this offer, aggregating \$66,788,650, were duly awarded; the balance went to the syndicate represented by Mr. Morgan. The average price for the whole amount will be over 111; in other words, the Treasury will receive about \$111,000,000 for the issue of \$100,000,000 in bonds. The moral effect, not only upon our trade at home, but also upon our credit abroad, of this sound money demonstration, will be incalculable.

## A Second Step towards Cuban Recognition.

The first step was taken by the Senate committee on Foreign Relations on January 29 in its concurrent resolution recommending that the President request Spain, in a friendly spirit, to recognize Cuban belligerency. After further deliberation this same committee reached the conclusion that its action had been too tame and colorless, considering the real condition of affairs in Cuba and the convictions of the American people, and on February 5 it substituted for its resolution of January 29 another, which declares that in the opinion of Congress "a condition of public war" exists in Cuba; and "that the United States of America should maintain a strict neutrality between the contending powers, and accord to each all the rights of belligerents in the ports and territory of the United States." This important action received the assent of every member of the committee except Mr. Cameron, who insisted on the more radical step of recognizing Cuban independence. As compared with the first resolution the substitute is certainly more consistent; for, says the *New York Sun*, "common sense tells that, if we want the Madrid government to recognize the belligerency of the revolutionists, we must begin by recognizing it ourselves." If this second resolution is concurred in by the House, there will be no need to appeal to Spain, as was contemplated, and even the President's signature will not be necessary — it being merely an expression of Congressional opinion. The responsibility of acting will be left with him. Congress will have done its part. If he agrees with the law-making branch of the Government, he can make their conviction and his operative by proclamation.

SOME REFORMS DEMANDED OF THE  
NEXT GENERAL CONFERENCE.

IV.

THE distinguished contributors to the series of articles upon the above subject are: Revs. J. W. Hamilton, D. D., Wm. Nast Brodbeck, D. D., J. M. King, D. D., Pres. C. J. Little, D. D., Merritt Hulburd, D. D., M. M. Parkhurst, D. D., and J. W. Johnston, D. D. As all the papers were to be received before beginning publication, each has formulated his views without knowledge of what the others have written. Dr. Hamilton's contribution appeared in the issue of Jan. 1, Dr. Brodbeck's in Jan. 15, and Dr. King's in Jan. 29.

President Charles J. Little, D. D.

FIRST of all, let the General Conference reform itself.

It is an altogether unique, but a clumsy and inefficient, body; un-American and un-English; barnacled all over with absurd traditions and loaded down with incoherent habits. So true is this that the committee of arrangements instinctively select for its sessions a place of exhibition rather than a place of deliberation; quite unconsciously they think of it as a spectacle, a collection of human curiosities, a group of performers, and hence provide for it not a work-shop or a room for "conversation," but a show-ground, a vast space where men can be seen while they bellow!

To begin with,

The Bishops!

Could anything be more astonishing than their relation to the General Conference? Silent as mummies, except when presiding, all individuality lost in the fiction of episcopal unity, they are driven to the alternative of complete inaction or of indirect influence. Secretaries and editors abound in numbers and in words. What principle silences one kind of officer and gives full liberty to the other? The Bishops, whose duty it is to travel through the connection at large, who, accordingly, must know most about the church, its needs, its perils, its wishes, its possibilities — the Bishops must be mute as marble while these topics are discussed.

To preserve the charming picture of unity the episcopal report is pared down to pleasing platitudes or dovetailed into cunning compromises. No Bishop among them speaks his whole mind, and as they may not speak frankly for themselves, others make bold to speak for them. They are quoted freely, and often incorrectly, in private conversation — always, of course, with the best of intentions.

A secretary may be chairman of the committee that examines his administration; no one makes a protest. But any proposition looking to the participation of the Bishops in debate sets every demagogue to howling and provokes a panic. Which is the more dangerous — open, manly, vigorous speech, or secret and indirect manipulation? Which is better for the church — an episcopal unanimity of compromise, or the deliberate, though differing, opinions of powerful, well-furnished and conscientious minds?

Who imposed this burden of silence? Where is the statute that dooms these men to four weeks of mute, inglorious, speechless spectatorship, broken only by flashes of presidential authority?

Paste from the Bishops to

The Committees.

What wonderful and fearsome things our standing committees are! Huge centipedes, a leg for every Conference! Why should the first man chosen by his fellow-preachers represent his Conference in the committee on the Episcopacy? This was logical enough before the admission of lay delegates; but not so now. Laymen are as competent to discuss the effectiveness of Bishops and reforms in the episcopacy as presiding elders or editors or secretaries. Will the reader kindly guess how many laymen have ever served on this committee? The riddle is a very easy one, there's really nothing in it. And the committee on the Itinerancy, whose deliberations are so vital to the laity, is almost although not quite so bad.

But, furthermore, why one from every Conference? This places the power with those who represent a minority, and a very decided minority, of ministers and members. Mississippi has equal power with Michigan, and Montana with New York. Does the House of Representatives have a committee of Ways and Means consisting of one from each State? Why should we carry the locality craze to such monstrous length? Of course something can be said in its defense. As Macaulay declared about

Parliament, a system that required members to be red-headed would have doubtless some advantages. But this idolatry of Conference lines is absurd and mischievous, because it is outrageously unjust. These committees are not what they pretend to be; they are not representative. If the reader will take the General Minutes and calculate for himself the preponderance of the weaker Conferences in the great committees, he will then be able to under-

standing machine created at the close of the session! What a wretched business it was!

Why cannot we have

A Calendar?

Why cannot the committee on Rules be instructed to report one? Let definite hours be assigned to each committee. Let the time allotted to each report be fixed by the chairman or the member in charge of it,

accomplished the predictions of its advocates; it has, on the other hand, wrought no disasters and brought about no catastrophes. Its failures are due to the halting, half-hearted application of the principle on which it rests — the principle of lay co-operation in every movement of the church. Laymen, however, are compelled to clamor and struggle for this free and full participation. Their presence in the General Conference produces friction directly they assert their undisputed rights in questions fraught with eager interest. Imagine what a hubbub we should have if the laymen demanded a separate vote in the election of editors and Bishops! And yet their claim to equal representation is set aside with cool indifference. One thing or the other! Let the clergy grant this claim or let them accept without a murmur the consequence of their refusal, the vote by orders in every vital question, elections not excepted.

Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill.

HOW TO BE CONVERTED.

Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D.

"**M**Y reason and my conscience tell me that I ought to be a Christian, and I often wish that I were one. But the Bible tells me that 'Except ye be converted, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven;' how shall I be converted? Conversion implies a new heart; but my heart is hard and stubborn; how can I change it?"

These questions may be agitated by many of my readers; they are of such vital importance as to demand plain and direct answers. To shut Jesus Christ out of the heart means spiritual death; it shuts the soul out of heaven. I would say to this honest inquirer: If you use the means as diligently for the softening and converting of your heart as you have been using them for many years to harden your heart, you will soon become a sincere and useful Christian. The first one is honest and importunate prayer. Jesus Christ says that the regeneration of a sinful heart is the work of the Holy Spirit. Pray to the Holy Spirit that He will take away your stony heart and give you what the Bible calls "the heart of flesh." As you have sinned grievously, you may well pray for forgiveness; you may well pray for light, guidance, and help; but, chieftest of all, pray for the Holy Spirit's renewing and converting power on your wicked heart. Don't be satisfied with "asking prayers" of other people. This may be only a snare if you rely on it. Pray for yourself. Go at once to "headquarters;" this momentous matter must be settled between you and your Saviour. Beseech the Holy Spirit to break down the door that shuts out Christ.

There is a great temptation to excuse your sins to yourself. None of your excuses are such as you would dare to offer on the day of judgment. Instead of excusing your sins and trying to palliate them, strive earnestly to break off from them. Make the resolute attempt upon the very first sin to which you are tempted. Set yourself against sin, and call for the Spirit's power to help you conquer it. Conversion means renouncing of sin, and no one has even begun to serve Jesus Christ until he has declared war upon his favorite appetites and lusts and passions.

Unless you sincerely desire to become a Christian, you never will become one; if you do desire it, employ every means and influence that may change the current of your affections from selfish and sinful things toward Christ. Reading God's Word is one of these means; studying Christ's character and claims on you is another; turning away from sinful companionship is another; setting your face like a flint against all attempts to draw you back into old habits or entanglements which might tend to harden your heart the more. Above all, pray, and still more pray for the Spirit's power.

As you are a free moral agent, you are to use every means for changing your heart. If a drunkard desires to be delivered from his bondage to the bottle, he is not content with simply willing to become a sober man. He takes certain steps. He puts the bottle out of his house; he avoids the society of those who would tempt him to drink; he makes a solemn pledge of entire abstinence, and not only uses such wholesome physical tonics as may sustain him in his struggle with his old enemy, but he implores the help of Almighty God. These means faithfully employed may give him the victory, as they gave it to John B. Gough and other converted inebriates. Suppose that a young man had become intensely attached to a beautiful and fascinating woman, but had discovered that an alliance with her would be fraught with danger to his peace and welfare; would it be enough for him simply to will a change in his affections? That might be a futile failure. But if he should resolutely avoid her ensnaring society; if he should destroy every keepsake that would recall her memory; if when he thought of her he kept before his mind only what was offensive and unworthy; and if he sought for himself purer and worthier associations, he might by these means overcome his former perilous passion. That would mean towards her a change of heart.

It is true, my friend, that the Holy Spirit alone can do the mighty work of regenerating



President Charles J. Little.

Dr. Little was born in Philadelphia in 1840. At the age of twenty-one he was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania and became a member of the Philadelphia Conference the following year. In 1870 he went to Berlin, Germany, where he spent one year in the study of history and philosophy. In 1874 he was elected to fill the chair of Philosophy in Dickinson College at Carlisle, Pa. Here he remained until 1880, when he was called by the trustees of Syracuse University to be professor of history and logic in that institution. Six successful years as instructor had marked his career at Syracuse when he was elected to the chair of Historical Theology at Garrett Biblical Institute. Upon the decease of President H. A. Ridgway, he was elected president of the Institute. He was an influential member of the General Conferences of 1888 and 1892. President Little ranks among the foremost educators of the age. As a writer, both in the vigor of his thought and the beauty of his style, he has but few equals in the church.

stand how a minority has been shaping legislation for us almost unperceived.

Let these committees be reduced in number, and let them represent in their majorities the majority of the church. How can this be done? Easily enough. Let committees appointed on the present plan serve as electors for a smaller committee, each member casting a vote proportional to his constituency. And let it be provided that one-fourth at least of those elected shall be laymen. Such committees need be no larger than the leading committees of the House of Representatives. Or the same end can be reached through assemblies of the delegates in General Conference districts. Thus we elect members of the Book Committee and the Missionary Committee. Why not members of the standing committees in similar fashion? Too much intrigue and maneuver, some one suggests. Well, possibly a shadow of this Satan darkens sometimes these meetings of the sons of God. Darkens, I say; of course he never decides. But there is little pith in this objection, as the committees that are chosen show. Select committees were a favorite device at Omaha. One or two of them created a suspicion of careful picking, not to say packing, for a purpose. And there's the rub. The man who asks a special committee for his project usually has his slate prepared. To be sure it may be broken for him; but it is just as well to run no risks. The truth is, committees are the *cruz* of legislative management; to control them is to determine most things. How best to make them is indeed a difficult problem, but too important to be shirked or bungled.

Useless, however, will be the reformation of committees without a revolution in our methods of discussing their reports. Some of us at Omaha, who would have preferred to debate, deliberately sacrificed our opportunities and exasperated our inflated brethren by determined application of the previous question. And why? In the vain hope of saving time for the reports. And yet a score of these were crushed in the

your soul. Too deeply, too intensely you cannot hold to this solemn fact. It is, therefore, of infinite importance that you co-operate with the Holy Spirit. Refusing to do this, you grieve the Spirit; you quench the Spirit. You will never be converted while working against that blessed Spirit which points you to Christ, and strives to draw you to Christ. Whatever the Spirit presses you to do — whether in refusing a temptation or performing a right deed — do it promptly. Whatever you can do to please Jesus Christ, do it promptly. Shut your ears to the fatal foolishness that you are merely "passive" in conversion. You are not so. Repentance of sin is an act of the mind, and faith is a hundred miles deeper than an intellectual belief in Jesus Christ; it is the act of clinging to Him and joining your whole self to Him. The very word "conversion" signifies turning right around; it is your turning away from sin and self-seeking and self-living and turning to Jesus Christ, your atoning Saviour, with full purpose to obey Him. There is no more passivity in all this than there is in eating, or breathing, or walking.

Perhaps too much has been said against "feeling" in the process of conversion. Hatred is a feeling, and you must hate sin; love is a feeling, and I cannot conceive of a person's being thoroughly converted without feeling ashamed of his former wicked self and feeling love to his Redeemer and his fellow-creatures. The more squarely you face yourself, the more conviction of sin you will feel; the more you face your suffering, dying, stoning Saviour, the more will your hard heart be melted into penitence. Come up close to the Cross, my friend, and look at yourself there! Look onward to the day of judgment, and see how you feel there as a rejecter of Jesus Christ who trampled on His redeeming love! Look at the good you may do as a faithful, earnest, useful, courageous Christian, and then fervently pray to the Holy Spirit to make you one. Work with Him! As Spurgeon used to say: "The way to do a thing is — to do it."

N. Y. Evangelist.

#### A CIRCUMNAVIGATION OF CHARITY.

Rev. John S. Simon.

IT is a striking fact that, although Methodism holds such a prominent position in Bristol, England, Mr. W. Howell Davies, a loyal son of our church, is the first Methodist who has ever filled the dignified position of mayor of the city. He is in every way worthy of the honor. I have thought that it would be of interest to Americans if I sketched my experiences at the opening of the year, as they throw a kindly light upon the character of the chief magistrate of Bristol.

It is New Year's day, and we are seated in the Mayor's "semi-state" carriage. The Mayoress and the Mayor's chaplain are with us. We roll across the old drawbridge, on one side of which is affixed a tablet bearing the names of John and Sebastian Cabot. Glancing towards the left, we see afar off the statue of Edward Colston, the great philanthropist. The old man leans upon his staff, with his head bowed. He seems to be brooding over the miseries of the world. Nearer to us stands the vivacious statue of Edmund Burke. The artist has caught the orator in a moment of torrential eloquence, such as came to him in the Guildhall, Bristol, on the 6th of September, 1780, when he poured out his noble eulogium on John Howard. Across the years comes the music of the memorable words: "He has visited all Europe . . . to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain, to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression and contempt, to remember the forgotten, to attend the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries. His plan is original, and it is as full of genius as it is of humanity. It was a voyage of discovery — a circumnavigation of charity." As we pass along Clare St. toward Corn St. and the Council House, these words sound in our heart like the chiming of mellow bells.

At the Council House we alight, and, while the Mayor is robing, we will pause to explain the nature of our "voyage of discovery." Mr. Davies, instead of following the example of his predecessors and celebrating the advent of the New Year by a banquet at the Mansion House, determined that he would

Feast the "Aged Poor" of Bristol.

Mentioning his determination to Mr. W. A. Todd, the high sheriff, that gentleman asked to be allowed to share the expense of the festivities. To this co-partnership in charity the Mayor consented. The ministers of all churches and the councilors of the wards entered into the scheme with enthusiasm. Upwards of five thousand invitations were issued, the invitations being conveyed by Mansion House cards, which

will, doubtless, be cherished by their recipients in memory of New Year's day, 1896.

Shortly after four o'clock we start on our "circumnavigation of charity." The critic will stumble at the word "circumnavigation," but really there is something in the solemn progress of a state coach which is so much like gliding over a swaying sea that we cannot consent to abandon Burke's fine word, clamar the critic never so loudly. Our coach has been joined by the carriage of the high sheriff, who is accompanied by his wife and daughter and his chaplain. Another carriage containing "the gentlemen of the press" and the Mayor's two sons completes the civic procession.

Now we cross the Bristol bridge, and turn down Redcliff Street. The tall warehouses shadow us for a time, but, at last, we emerge upon the space which is adorned by the historic church. Our thoughts are busy. We are in search of the "aged poor," but as we pass Redcliff Church we catch a glimpse of the statue of Chatterton,

"the marvelous boy, The sleepless soul that perished in his pride."

Suppose some one had organized an expedition and had succored him in his misery! But imagination refuses to picture a Chatterton in "comfortable circumstances." Grim clouds and jagged lightnings fitly frame the picture of his gloomy life.

But the carriage has stopped, and we must join the procession which marches into the Salvation Army barracks. The red robe and gold chain of the Mayor and the court dress and glittering sword-hilt of the high sheriff, make a deep impression upon the small boys who stand agape at the entrance. Slatternly women, hugging querulous babies, also gaze upon us with wonder in their eyes. We enter the hall, and march up to the platform on which we see, with some anxiety, that a formidable brass band is arrayed. The cheers rise and fall; and then the Mayor and the high sheriff utter kindly words of greeting and of good wishes for the new year. Then the cheers ring out again as we retire, and drive off to the next centre, which is the parish-room in Guinea Street. A question elicits the information that this room stands on the site of the old chapel in which John Wesley preached — the chapel which was, in a sense, the contemporary of the "Room" in the Horsefair. As the speeches are being delivered, our truant thoughts are busy with the past, and re-create some of the scenes which were enacted in the vanished building. But the Mayor is a relentless man of business; he has constructed his time-table, and it has to be worked out to the tick of the clock; so our dreams are dissipated, and we drive once more through the shadows of the descending night.

We are now passing along the "New Cut," in which "Cut" the black and sluggish river creeps. Our faces are turned towards a land of fragrance. Chemical works, soap factories, and tanneries make up a *bouquet de Bristol* which staggers a guileless stranger. To muse in such an atmosphere is impossible. We must dash through our work. We visit the schools where the old people are assembled, and everywhere the hosts find happy faces and are accorded a rapturous welcome.

And now the night is gloomy with the darkness that often precludes the rising of the moon. The gas-lamps stand stark and bleak in the narrow streets, occasional floods of orange light stream from public-houses, and, now and again, a green blaze indicates that a progressive citizen has invested in an incandescent burner. We long for the glare of the electric light burning yonder in the centre of the city, for we are driving through streets into which a mayor's carriage has never previously ventured. It is a relief to find ourselves at last in

The Parish of Temple,

and to catch sight of the church tower arched against the slowly brightening sky. That leaning tower is a landmark in Methodist history. Charles Wesley was excluded from the sacrament in that church, and marched away to Kingswood with his colliers and administered the Lord's Supper to them in an unconsecrated building in defiance of ecclesiastical law. But we have been sprinkled with the torch of Father Christmas, so dismiss the excluding vicar from our mind. We think of the old pamphlet which recites the story of the casting out of the evil spirit from a girl in Temple Church. The foul fiend was so mad that, as he flew away, he dealt the tower a mighty blow which made it stagger. From that moment it has leaned a little to one side. If Americans doubt the truth of this story,

let them come over here and verify facts on the spot.

As we hasten after the Mayor into the room, a picture shines before us that chases the recollection of bigotry and diablerie from our mind. We seem to see the quiet figure of good Mr. Easterbrook, the vicar of Temple, who was the friend of John Wesley. How he would have rejoiced in the Mayor's beneficence! He was a keen-sighted and broad-souled man, who appreciated the Methodist society so highly that he was accustomed to send persons who were awakened under his ministry to the classes which met in the Methodist preaching-houses. He worked his parish with splendid heroism. Henry Moore, when he preached his funeral sermon in the Methodist chapel, Bristol, stated that Mr. Easterbrook "actually preached a sermon in every house in his large parish. The work took him about two years." In addition, Charles Atmore says: "It is well known that he abridged himself in all his necessary expenses, and denied himself many of the lawful comforts of life, that he might relieve the destitute. And when all the worldly goods which his station in the church put him in possession of had failed, the merciful Lord, whose Spirit had excited him, stirred up many to assist him in his labor of love." No wonder that John Wesley and Joseph Easterbrook loved each other! Their hearts glowed with the fire taken from the same altar — the altar of the cross of Him who was rich, but who for our sakes became poor.

We quit the parish of Temple, and once more are plunging through a labyrinth of narrow streets. The Mayor's coachman has to exercise the utmost skill to pilot us safely from haven to haven. We are on our way to Shaftesbury Hall and Barton Hill, and the intricacy of Bristol topography is being pleasingly indicated. Once or twice we hesitate. We congratulate ourselves on being in the "semi-state" carriage; if we had been in "full state," our adventures would have resembled those of poor Louis XVI. in his berline, that ponderous vehicle whose grinding wheels rumble through Carlyle's graphic description of the "Night of Spurs." Fortunately the Mayor's knowledge of the outlying districts of Bristol is almost unrivaled, and when that falls helpful hints are given by compassionate wayfarers. Having explored the purloins of St. Philip's, it is with a sense of relief that we find ourselves on our way to the district ward. We stop at St. Barnabas' Church, and have to walk a short distance to the schools where the "aged poor" are assembled. All along our course the street boys have been interested in our progress. A few of them cluster at the gate of St. Barnabas. With the keen instinct of their race they have discovered that an "entertainment" is going on in the school, but they are slightly puzzled by the arrival of such gorgeously attired guests. Suddenly one of them strikes out a brilliant idea. As we pass down the lane we hear the whispered explanation: "Don't you see? They're going to act!"

After a hasty visit to Brunswick school, comes

One of the Chief Pleasures of the Evening.

The event is not in the time table, but has to be smuggled in by reason of the inter-

cessions of the Mayoress. The Mayor and Mrs. Davies, in addition to their hospitality towards the poor old people of Bristol, have also entertained the members of the "Youth's Section" of the Young Men's Christian Association which has its centre in St. James' Square. On our way to the school-room of the Broadmead Baptist Chapel, we look into the spacious lecture-hall in which the lads are assembled. What a joy to see so many bright young faces, and to hear the ringing voices that join in repeated cheers! We must confess that our survey of the aged poor of Bristol has made us somewhat depressed. On so many of the old people's faces there has been a settled look of sadness. The tea and entertainment have produced a flickering light of happiness that played above the sombreness, but we have felt that the happiness was only transitory, and that the light would vanish when the desolate home was reached. But in St. James' Square all is reversed. The settled look is of guileless jollity, and that look is unclouded by a trace of care. Why indulge the melancholy reflection that life, the cunning artist, will touch these young faces with gentle strokes, will soften them the sprightliness, will fill the heart with aching and the eyes with tears? Let us rather respond to the challenge: "For the Mayor and Mayoress, Hip! Hip! Hurrah!"

Our "circumnavigation of charity" has led us along a course frequently traversed by John Wesley, and now we drive into a neighborhood which is haunted by his presence. We are in the Horsefair, and our cavalcade is drawn up at the door of the Baptist school-room. The Horsefair is full of flashing lights and tuneful organ-strains. Near us merry-go-rounds giddily whirl. Our high-bred steeds, unaccustomed to plebeian gayeties, develop a tendency to stand on their hind legs as the mimic horses circle and canter. We leave them, and look in upon the "aged poor" gathered in the school-room; then we re-enter our carriage and push on to the Hotwells. We have visited nearly twenty centres, and our toils have begun to tell upon us. We once more think of John Wesley, borne to the Hotwells in the time of his critical illness, and we comfort ourselves with the thought that he so swiftly recruited his health that he was able to begin to write his Notes on the New Testament in the midst of his pleasant surroundings. Trinity parish room and Hope Chapel room are visited, and then we turn our horses' heads towards Park Street. Slowly we climb the steep ascent, visit the Hannah More Hall, and then conclude our cruise at St. John's schoolroom, Durdham Down.

Our "circumnavigation of charity" has occupied five hours, and has enabled us to see

A Panorama of Human Need and Sadness and Gratitude.

Many are the pictures that will find a place in the chamber of memory; only one will we now touch as with the etcher's needle. It was a scene often repeated. When the speaking was over, and the Mayor was leaving the room, as he passed down the narrow path which was bordered with his thankful guests, again and again a trembling hand was stretched out to touch his robe, and a weary voice sighed, "God bless you!"

Bristol, England.

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### CONGRESS IN SESSION.

A visit to Washington at this season is full of interest. The numerous important matters before the House and Senate insure a memorable session of Congress. Royal Blue Line personally conducted excursions to Washington leave Boston Feb. 10, April 8 and 15, and May 6. \$23 covers transportation, hotel accommodations and every expense. For illustrated itinerary address A. J. Simmons, N. E. A., 211 Washington St., Boston.

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### DEDICATION OF THE DEACONESS HOSPITAL.

THE most gratifying and significant event in connection with New England Methodism that we have been permitted to witness took place, Wednesday, Feb. 5, in the dedication of a Methodist Hospital for this city and for New England. The estate joining the New England Deaconess Home at 633 Massachusetts Ave., shown in the accompanying electrolyte, has been purchased, and after most thorough overhauling, refitting and furnishing, is transformed into a model home hospital. The walls all over the house are finished in a soft cream tint, the woodwork is white, and the floors hard pine. The windows are draped with soft, plain, white muslin, which is not only ornamental but easily cleansed. The furniture, which has all been contributed either by individuals or organizations, is simple, dainty and appropriate, and everywhere are little homelike touches and evidences of personal thoughtfulness, that go so far to assuage the pain of the sufferer or relieve the tedium of convalescence.

In the basement are the dining-room, kitchen, laundry and other domestic apartments.

On the first floor are the A. N. Williams room, which is to be used as a maternity ward, the office and reception-room, the living rooms of the head nurse and her assistant, and the well-supplied medicine closet.

The next floor is the medical ward, the main room in which is furnished by three Cambridge missionary societies, in memory of Mrs. Harriet M. Warren, wife of President Warren of Boston University, Mrs. Mary A. Lewis and Mrs. Henry O. Houghton. It has two beds for adults and one for a child. The rooms are uniformly furnished with white-draped iron bedsteads, metal washstands painted white, neat little bedside tables with iron frame and glass top, on each of which was set out on Wednesday a dainty service of china, silver and glass for serving an appetizing meal to the patients. The large rear room is called the Holt room, and is furnished by two sisters, Mrs. C. S. Nutter and Miss Mary E. Holt. A cosy little hall bedroom is fitted up by the King's Daughters of People's Temple, the silver being marked with "I. H. N.", the symbolic letters of the society, and the walls hung with appropriate mottoes, calendars and pictures.

The surgical ward is on the third floor. Here the largest room is called the "Lassell room," and is furnished by friends of the work in Lassell Seminary and Auburndale. Its general character is much like that of the "Cambridge room" beneath, and it contains the same number of beds. The "Rogers room," furnished by the Baker Memorial Church and the Dorchester Epworth League in memory of a former pastor, Rev. Dr. C. S. Rogers, contains two beds. A picture of Dr. Rogers hangs over the mantel in this room. A small room for private patients, called the "Marian E. Douglass room," is equipped by her mother. The chief interest in this ward centres in the operating room, which is supplied with a table of the latest design, shelves of heavy plate glass and three Welshbach burners to supply artificial light.

On the upper floor are the four nurses' rooms, which have been fitted up mainly by their own efforts and to suit their individual tastes.

The Hospital was thrown open for inspection in the afternoon, and large numbers of interested friends examined it, only to express in glad surprise their gratification at the consummation of such a grand Christian enterprise. The opening exercises began at 3 o'clock with a brief but very fitting address by Rev. John Galbraith, Ph. D. He believed the location of the Hospital the best that could be chosen. Although it would seem as if Boston had institutions enough of this sort, there was none where a fatal case would be received. This was an opportunity for the N. E. Deaconess Hospital. It was also to be a kindly Christian home as well as a hospital, and this would prove a distinctive characteristic.

At 4, A. N. Williams, of South Boston, spoke on the gospel of love as pertaining to deaconess and hospital work, referring to the deaconesses in the early Christian Church and the revival of the order more than a half century ago. The first deaconess hospital was opened in Germany in 1836, and is today one of the world's centres of philanthropic work.

Rev. C. L. Goodell spoke very appropriately, saying that the deaconesses were following closely the example set by Christ in His earthly ministrations, and set forth the importance of having Christian care for the sick and suffering.

The more formal part of the dedication occurred in the evening and was attended by as many as could gain admission to the house.

Rev. Dr. W. N. Brodbeck, president of the board of managers, conducted the services, opening them with brief but very happy remarks, in which he stated that the desire for this institution had existed ever since the Deaconess Home had been opened six years before, but that they had hardly dared to hope that it would come so soon. He paid a touching tribute to "Mother Mitchell," who had made the first direct gift for the Deaconess Hospital, but had passed away before she saw her hope realized. Dr. Brodbeck stated that the hospital building had cost \$5,000, of which \$3,000 had to be paid down, the trustees giving a note for the remainder to run three years: \$1,500 of the \$3,000 had to be borrowed, and payment falls due on Feb. 23. The interior of the building had to be practically made over, the expenses of repairing amounting to \$3,000, of which \$700 re-

mained to be paid, making a total of \$2,200 which it was necessary to raise almost immediately. The operating room, which had been furnished at an expense of \$250, was yet unpaid for, and the laundry and kitchen required about \$300 to put them in good running order.

The dedicatory address was made by Rev. Charles Parkhurst, D. D., editor of ZION'S HERALD, who spoke upon "The Hospital a New Testament Institution." The address, by earnest and general request, is published in full below. In introducing him Dr. Brodbeck said

allow me to share in the public congratulations of this hour.

I shall refer briefly to the familiar but fundamental

#### Facts which attest that the Hospital is a New Testament Institution.

No one can be a critical and devout student of the life of Christ and of the early church without being convinced that it was intended that Christianity should have a perpetual and very direct ministry to the body. The life and the

thou he that should come, or do we look for another?" And Jesus only answered: "The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached to them." It is not accidental that the Saviour of men mentioned the preaching of the Gospel as the last manifestation and credential of Christianity. It is in harmony with His whole ministry. He healed first, and preached as He healed, or after He had healed. And I purposely dwell upon this fact, because here is the basal and imperative ground of obligation to the church to inaugurate and sustain the hospital. The church, in doing the work of its Founder, must forever obey and imitate Him. But, do you say: "The church does not possess the power to heal?" I answer: "No, and yes." No, if you mean that which is usually meant by "faith-healing." That power is not lodged with the Christian Church. Yes, if you mean that the church can heal by proper use of the wonderful discoveries in medical science and the skill and ministry of the physician and trained nurse. The physician and nurse, with the appropriation and use of the appliances of this hospital, can do almost everything that Jesus did save to raise the dead; and, often, those sick unto death will be raised to life here. The hospital of today is able to present the unchangeable credential of Christianity. The hospital, like the healing of Jesus, will open the door to the preaching of the Gospel. This is the normal way to bring in the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ. Methinks the millennium might have come already if the church had but followed the Christ method. First, minister to the body, and then you can minister effectively to the soul. The editor of the *Methodist Review* of the *Methodist Episcopal Church, South*, says in its last issue: —

"Humanitarianism, ambitiously and ambiguously so called, comes boastfully challenging the credentials of our common Christianity. We are content, declare its disciples, to leave the Christians the monopoly of other-worldism, so long as they seem so willing to leave us the undisputed province of this-worldism. Psalming and prayer-saying are harmless employments which we gladly leave to the churches, so long as we are permitted to build the almshouses and the hospitals, the asylums and the infirmaries. We are afraid something of provocation must be conceded to those who bring such charges against the modern church. It is well enough to denounce their theory; it is better still to do their works, as Jesus, the first and greatest of humanitarians, did and commanded."

I profoundly believe that the entire missionary work of the world should be carried on upon the Christ method of first ministering to diseased bodies. Only send to China and India the skilled medical missionary and trained nurse, and the blind shall receive their sight, the lame shall walk, the deaf shall hear, and those who are dying shall be raised up. The suffering multitudes flock to the skilled medical missionary in those far-away lands



Deaconess Home and Hospital, Boston.

that Dr. Parkhurst was the first to raise the cry for a Methodist Hospital in Boston. After the address the following dedicatory hymn, written by Miss Mary E. Lunn, was sung: —

"Dear Lord, we ask Thy blessing now  
Upon this sacred place;  
Oh, may Thy Spirit here abide  
With every needed grace!"

"May these who serve in Thy blest name  
Be filled with Thine own love;  
And in their service make this Home  
A type of heaven above."

"May those who come to us in pain  
Of body, or of mind,  
By Thy rich blessing on the means,  
Here health and comfort find."

"Bless Thou the friends, who, for Thy sake,  
This restful Home have given;  
And may we work together here  
Till all shall meet in heaven."

Rev. W. R. Clark, D. D., brought the exercises to a close with a very tender and impressive dedicatory prayer.

The officers of the institution are: Dr. W. N. Brodbeck, president; Prof. C. C. Bragdon, vice-president; Miss Georgia Whidden, secretary; Mrs. J. W. Cushing, treasurer; Mr. George E. Atwood, auditor; Miss Mary E. Lunn, superintendent; Miss Neilia L. Hibbard, principal of training school; Miss Abbie L. Puchard, superintending nurse of hospital.

The Hospital, though under the supervision of the Methodist Episcopal Church, will be open to all, as far as the capacity of the house will admit. Physicians of the leading schools will be employed. A nurse deaconess receives only the nominal compensation allowed to any deaconess in the Home — \$7 a month. As the affairs of the Hospital are to be administered on the most economical basis, the charges, when made, will be reasonable.

At a meeting of the Hospital Committee, held Feb. 5, it was unanimously voted that the thanks of the committee be extended to Rev. Charles Parkhurst, D. D., for his admirable dedicatory address, and that the publication of the same in the coming issue of ZION'S HERALD be earnestly requested.

W. M. NAST BRODBECK,  
Chairman of Committee.

#### The Hospital a New Testament Institution.

Address by REV. CHARLES PARKHURST, D. D., at the Dedication of the Deaconess Hospital, Feb. 5.

I COUNT it a rare compliment that I am invited to speak at the formal opening of this Deaconess Hospital. The desire to see a Methodist Hospital in this city took profound hold of me years ago. A voice said, "Cry!" I asked, "What shall I cry?" And it replied: "Cry for a Methodist Hospital for Boston." But, like another forerunner, I came to lose heart because that which was so eagerly desired did not come sooner and in the way which I had planned for it to come. To you who possessed a desire equally ardent, but a faith that did not falter and a practical purpose that could not be defeated, belongs the full credit of the grand consummation which we witness tonight. It is very generous, therefore, in you that you

teaching of Jesus unquestionably establish this fact. It is well for us on this occasion to emphasize this truth. Matthew, in describing the ministry of Jesus, says: "And Jesus went about all Galilee teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people; and his fame went throughout all Syria; and they brought unto him all sick people that were taken with divers diseases and torments and those that were lunatic and had the palsy, and he healed them." And will you notice the result? "And there followed him great multitudes of people from Galilee and from Decapolis, and from Jerusalem, and from Judes, and from beyond Jordan." Jesus made use of healing to manifest His compassionate purpose, to overcome prejudice, and to draw human hearts to Him. It was by the exercise of healing power that He gathered that great congregation on the mountain-side when He delivered His inaugural sermon. Jesus heals as a preparation for His teaching and as evidence that it is divine. "But that ye may know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins, then saith he to the sick of the palsy, Arise, take up thy bed, and go unto thy house."

It was a violation of Jewish law to touch a leper. The Hebrew treated the leper as a loathsome outcast, and, more cruel still, taught that the disease was a penalty inflicted by God for personal sin. The religious Jew always shunned the leper. But there was one soul so large in its gracious ministry that it could not be hedged in by any tradition or law. Jesus kindly approached the leper, put His own pure hand upon his decayed flesh, and with the calmness of the conqueror, but with the might of God, said, "Be thou clean!" and his leprosy left him forever. A distinguished Biblical critic says: "His first act was to heal the leper; His second to cure the centurion's servant, sick of the palsy and grievously tormented; His third, to restore Peter's wife's mother, sick of a fever; and then, when the even was come, they brought unto Him many that were possessed with devils, and He cast out the spirits with His word, and healed all that were sick." Two-thirds of all the miracles of which we have record — of course only a small part of those He wrought — are miracles of healing. Healing with Him everywhere was the preface to, and confirmation of, His spiritual work.

That the ministry to the body was to be the preface and credential of the system which He came to inaugurate, is unquestionably shown by the answer which He gave to the inquiry of John the Baptist. The proud spirit of the forerunner is so broken by long and cruel imprisonment, and the course of Jesus is so different from what John had mapped out for Him, that the great soul is at last thrown into impatient and despairing doubt, and he asks, peremptorily: "Art

#### Prizes for Flower Growers.

\$250 in prizes is offered by F. B. Mills, the seed grower, Rose Hill, N. Y., for the largest variety of colors of flowers grown from the 10 packages of seeds which he offers, together with 13 choice bulbs, 1896 Catalogue and Pansy calendar — all for 30 cents. The seeds include Pansies, Phlox, Sweet Peas, Chinese Pinks, Petunias, Poppies, Mignonette, Chrysanthemums, Everlasting Flowers, Mixed Flowers, Tuberous, Gladioli, etc.

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as they did to the Great Physician in that olden time. The Christian physician in heathendom, because there is no knowledge of therapeutics and of surgery there, is but little less a marvel of good to the bodies of the diseased than was Jesus in Palestine.

The church has been through many a crisis in its notable history—times when new conceptions of duty, of privilege, and of service have been apprehended. We live in the beginning of such an epoch. The church is now beginning to see that it must inaugurate the hospital as the proof and confirmation of its divine commission.

**It is the Business of Methodism, therefore, to Express to Suffering Humanity a Complete Christianity.**

A foremost religious journal of another denomination recently said that the Methodist Church was going about to convert this world as if there were no other church in existence. That was a great compliment, though it was not so intended, and I only wish that it were more conspicuously true. We may as well recognize the fact that when Methodism is true to itself, it is peculiar. It is, in essence, in spirit and activity, a revival of primitive and apostolic Christianity. There is in it an insoluble quality that will not mix with any other organization. Never have I seen any sort of associated effort made, but Methodism was shorn of its power and robbed of its fruitage. This is not Pharisaism, nor spiritual conceit, nor unholy ambition, but only the recognition of a providential fact. God has summoned the people called Methodists to a special, peculiar and pronounced mission—to express the Gospel of salvation to the bodies and souls of men in its entirety and fulness. If Jesus has commanded us to enter upon such a ministry, how can we relinquish it to the humanitarian or to any organization? It is to me a joyous indication that the ear of our church is nearer the lips of the Master than ever before, because the subject of the hospital is so generally agitating our people. Other important features of applied Christianity are soon to be taken in hand by our church. None the less are we to magnify the great fact of soul-saving which has been so characteristic of our church, but we are to enter upon a more comprehensive ministry to the individual and to society. All that the institutional church seeks to accomplish, in relief, direction and help of the needy, should be done by our church. Let it be speedily known in every community, by our works, that the Methodist Church stands ready to relieve every personal need. Most emphatically are we taught by our Master that we should perform a much larger mission to humanity. We do not know much about the judgment, but Jesus has left unmistakable revelation of the kind of service that will receive favorable consideration in the day of accounting. Anticipating that great day, and acting Himself as the Judge, He said: "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was a hungered and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me." And, in order to lift a standard for Christian living that could not be misinterpreted, He pronounces upon those who did not thus minister to the needy and distressed, this terrible sentence: "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." Ah! we need to take anew to conscience the tremendous leverage contained in that word "Inasmuch." Who dare belittle it or explain it away? The sense is clearly apparent and unmistakable. Inasmuch as ye have done, or have not done, it unto the least of one of these, my brethren—carried all the difference between the smile and the frown of the great Judge. It matters not what may be our traditional notions about personal rights or the use of property, or what inherent selfishness may justify, here is a standard of judgment held aloft for our instruction and warning, and we cannot escape it. What else is taught in the parable of the Good Samaritan, whose lesson is

so familiar and forceful that I need not dwell upon it?

"Who is thy neighbor? He whom thou hast power to aid or bless; Whose aching heart or burning brow The soothing hand may press."

This hospital dispensation has come very quietly, but with great rapidity, upon the entire church, and the spread and growth of the movement are remarkable. The monumental work of Seney in Brooklyn quickly inspired a Methodist Hospital in the Quaker City, and the Barnes Hospital in St. Louis is the noble complement of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Already there are twelve Deaconess Hospitals like this one which now we are dedicating, and Methodism never abandons a good work upon which it has once entered. The hospital, therefore, has come to the Methodist Church to stay and to be multiplied indefinitely. And here I make a frank and glad confession: It has come, as here, in the right way, though not in my way, with a modest, sensible and practical beginning. The Deaconess Hospital is the better for Methodism because perfectly natural in its inception, because the financial hazard is reduced to the minimum, and because provision is made for normal growth.

#### The Coronation of Methodist Womanhood.

My last is a grateful and jubilant word. The Deaconess Hospital is the result of woman's spiritual vision, faith and courage. And here, too, is the unfolding of the Christian ideal. It was no small part of the mission of Jesus upon this earth to set woman free and to put the world right concerning her mission. Woman best incarnates the Beatitudes. Jesus took that little word "love" and filled it with glory; but who loves like woman? His was love to the death; but who sacrifices like woman? Jesus is greatest in His love, purity, patience, gentleness, hope. So is woman. The most appreciative commendation that Jesus ever spoke, and for a service rendered to Himself, was for a woman. The sweetest home to Him that He ever entered was made such by the two sisters at Bethany. The gladdest message ever announced to expectant ears Jesus gave to a woman to utter: "He is risen! He is risen!" Women then, as now, best understood Him. Now, as then, they best live out the Christ life. I remember, years ago, when studying the New Testament for personal devotion, and to get at the whole mind of Christ, divested of inherited and traditional notions, that I fell upon a phrase that was a new and startling revelation to me. I was reading Luke's report of the Sermon on the Mount, when I came to this verse: "But love ye your enemies, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again." The message which burned its way into my thought, as it sent straight from heaven, was that last clause—"hoping for nothing again." A glimpse of the disinterestedness which should characterize Christian effort was given me for all time, however poorly I have observed it. What a rebuke did Jesus utter to the unholiness aspiration, the "reciprocity idea," which characterizes so much of Christian service! How very rare is the Christian minister who does his work without constant thought concerning the probable result, the return that will come to himself! "Hoping for nothing again"—that it is to do the Master's work without any thought or expectation of return in the way of advantage to the doer. Study that phrase until you get some idea of its meaning, and you will not consider Prof. Herron so much of a heretic in some things that he said in Boston. To the women of our Methodism is given the glory of seizing this Christ-thought and incarnating it. God has always spoken his best truth to our elect sisters. John Wesley saw much; but his mother caught more of God's thought. Phillip Embury and Capt. Webb saw much; but to Barbara Heck was given closer and more pertinent vision. The Methodist men of our day and in our midst are seeing already much of God's thought; but Lucy Rider Meyer and our own beloved leader, Mary E. Lunn, have more positive indications of the mind that was in Christ. To serve suffering humanity, "hoping for nothing again," is the distinguishing foundation upon which the Deaconess Hospital is to

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rest. It is the right, the Christian, foundation, the glory of this movement. Hoping for nothing again! That is the sublime spiritual altitude which you take who are here to serve both body and soul. No ministry to human need is more tender, holy and Christian than that you will here reader. Here, then, is to be your earthly crowning. Evangeline is Longfellow's loveliest ideal, but he does not crown her until she consecrates her life to hospital service, and then he says:

"And, with light in her looks, she entered the chamber of sickness.  
Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,  
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and  
in silence  
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing  
their faces.  
Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,  
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed,  
for her presence  
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls  
of a prison."  
The dying

Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to  
behind there  
Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with  
splendor,  
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and  
apostles."

### DREW IN WINTER.

Dean Buell.

THE voice which is ringing a cheerful and hearty welcome from the railway platform at Madison, N. J., is a voice known to the ears of every Methodist preacher and to almost every Methodist layman in New England; it is the voice of Professor Upham, who in the character of host proves no less attractive than he is in that of Gospel preacher or of theological professor.

But this is not the Drew we saw the last time. Then the June sky had a tender blue; the noble forest trees on the campus had flung all their banners out; the lawn was a soft carpet of refreshing green; and the hum of bees and the twitter of wild birds could be heard in the air. Now the firmament is a metallic shield above an expanse of glistening snow, across which the icy winds blow and cut like a scimitar. Every leaf, every flower, every blade of grass is gone, and there are no birds and no bees. Nevertheless, the place has a new charm. The severe winter outlines show the strength and the grace of the great trees. The absence of foliage discloses, and the background of white throws into sharp relief, the academic buildings, exhibiting their masses and relationships more distinctly. The professors' homes hide themselves less in their shrubbery, and with their serpentine paths, gleams of open fires, and curling smoke ascending from chimney tops, they signal a genial and individual welcome.

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[Continued on Page 12.]

**The Family.****HER BIRTHDAY IN HEAVEN.**

Mrs. M. S. Case.

Today in heaven  
Our happy mother keepeth her birthday!  
And is it given  
To her to note how time doth pass away?  
And when our thoughts soar upward, do they  
meet  
Her own in love, and make her joys more  
sweet?

No night is there,  
Nor need of light of star, nor moon, nor sun;  
But everywhere  
The glory of the Lamb, the Holy One.  
In glad eternity of day and light  
Do they have knowledge of our day and night?

And does she know  
How deep and true our love doth still abide?  
Longing to show  
How much we miss her presence since she  
died?  
Else what avail is our probation here?  
If they remember naught in yonder sphere?

We cannot tell  
How much they know of this our earthly life;  
And it is well  
If they know nothing of its care and strife;  
But we believe from her bright home above  
Our mother's heart comes down to us in love.

**Thoughts for the Thoughtful.**

Soul-messages may not be stayed nor crossed;  
Out of God's mails no letter is lost.

— Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

When the air is filled with sunlight, there is no opportunity for the deeds of darkness. Where the soul has tasted of the bread of life, it cannot hunger for the stones of the wilderness. Where God is all to us, the world is nothing. — Canon Farrar.

The lamp of Christ's comfort may seem useless to you in the happy days of youth, when you have no sorrow; but some time it will grow dark about you, with no earthly light to shine upon your path, and then this heavenly lamp will be most welcome; it will teach you where to go when the night darkens about your own soul. — Anon.

A child begged for the story of Daniel one night at bedtime.  
"I am afraid," said the mother, "you will dream about lions."

"Oh, no!" returned the little one, "I will dream about Daniel and leave out the lions."

How much more cheerful and serene our lives might be if we, too, could leave out the lions!

Through all of this life we must look unto Jesus. A prize is before us, and we must ever keep that prize full in view, keep it in view while we are laboring with our building, while we are keeping ourselves from the evil that is in this world and in the love of God. We may not see this prize with the eye of flesh, peering through the dust and smoke of this dim and lower earth, but some day the atmosphere shall suddenly clear, and looking forth from our surrounding gloom, we shall behold its shining splendor. A friend of mine was once spending the night in a part of the West about eighty miles from Mount Hood. He arose in the early morning to find himself completely shut in by the mists which had collected through the night. As he stood peering into the thick vapors in the direction of the mountain, hoping to catch a glimpse of it through some opening in the clouds, suddenly the vapors were in motion, and in their writhing mass a great gap grew till the veil was lifted, and there, through the rift, appeared the great peak, snow-capped, glistening in the dazzling splendor in the morning sun, rearing its magnificent head into the very vault of heaven. — Rev. W. H. Hudnut.

Upon his life Sanjirim looked in pain,  
And saw its incompleteness and its stain.  
From these he sought with tears to wash him  
free,  
Nor knew how blest a thing it is to see.  
Again Sanjirim looked upon his life,  
And noted not that sin and self were rife;  
Then, smiling, went his way among mankind,  
Nor ever dreamed, alas! that he was blind.

— Robert Gilbert Welsh.

"I'm too interested in what is going on to take much time to remember or brood, and I never take but one day at a time." The words came from an old lady certainly beyond seventy, but whose blue eyes were clear, and her face full of the cheer and strength lacking altogether in that of her far younger companion. It was on an elevated train, where often the listener hears strange confidences, or gleans unexpected bits of wisdom, and the words came as the pair passed out, the echo of them remaining as a text for other lives than the speaker's. The brooding, melancholy face at her side had evidently never tried the prescription. . . . Whatever else may be in our cup, we should never fail to add love and gratitude. We cannot always see "goodness and

mercy" going before us, but we may feel sure they are "following," and so go forward without the fear of evil. The chemist goes about pouring one ingredient after another into a glass, and the mixture lies dull and quiet. He pours in one more, and it sparkles and flashes and rises quickly over the brim. Take life's cup with its sweet and bitter, and say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits!" and it will run over in praise and thanksgiving. — Emily Huntington Miller.

It is quite common to mistake our own incapacity for God's unwillingness to give. We cannot take more than our hearts and lives can hold, not even of the free and abundant grace of God. The limit of blessing for every man is the limit of capacity. Even God does not put more than a pint into a pint cup. Therefore God's richest blessing is the blessing of enlargement. When a soul submits to Him He causes it to grow, so making room for more delight and larger power of use in every blessing. God's will to give may always be taken for granted. Our will to receive is not so sure. And when we are disposed to complain of our small share of spiritual blessing, may it not be best to ask ourselves whether it is not our will that fails and our littleness which cannot find room to receive? God's apparent grudging, we may be sure, is always a sign of our incapacity. What we most need, therefore, is a continual enlargement of soul which comes to men only from the continual presence of God's Spirit. God does not offer gifts at random, much less does He enlarge soul which has no desire for Him. He who thinks that spiritual capacity may be picked up anywhere along life's dusty road, and that one may set his heart upon the earth and then enjoy the full measure of a disciple's happiness besides, will surely be disappointed. — Congregationalist.

**AT THE ZAPATERO'S.**

Mary E. Bamford.

**M**ARUJA," called her father, "behold! An Americano comes! Open the door for the Americano!"

Maruja, a girl of sixteen, went to the broad adobe window-seat to view the situation. The zapatero's house was on the corner, behind the red flowering hollyhocks. Maruja's father was the zapatero. The Americans who came to the hamlet called him the "shoemaker," if they chanced to need him for the repair of a broken sole. Often the Americanos had to be told what the word "zapatero" on the sign over the door meant. Maruja, the zapatero's daughter, thought this very strange, for she and every black-eyed Jorge and Marcos and Felipe and Inés who helped hang red peppers to dry on the adobe walls of the California hamlet had known from infancy—even if unable to own a pair of shoes or to read the sign—what a zapatero is. Truly it was amazing that the Americanos—who could all read, it was rumored—should not know what a word meant, after reading it! So simple a word—"zapatero!"

Maruja gazed sharply from the broad window-seat at the figures advancing through the red hollyhocks. An elderly man came, followed by a girl of Maruja's age. The girl walked rather unevenly, but when she arrived at the door her gait was explained, for she held in her hand the heel of one of her shoes. The heel had come off while she was walking, the Americano father explained. Would the shoemaker—the zapatero—fix it on?

The zapatero gravely assented. There did not seem to be any chair for the Americano young lady to sit on, so she somewhat doubtfully took a seat on a box. The zapatero worked without speaking, for he had well learned the Spanish proverb: "A good servant knows when to be silent and when to put in his spoon." Maruja sat in the yard-thick window-seat, and worked with diligence, making a black lace "rebozo," or long scarf to be worn over the head. It was not every person who knew how to make old Spanish lace. Maruja's grandmother had taught the girl.

"Shoes do not last always when one travels about as much as we do," observed the Americano gentleman. "We were glad to see your sign. You have lived here long, perhaps?"

The zapatero struck the heel a blow. "Yes, I live in my own house," he answered.

"It is pleasant to have one's own house," said the Americano gentleman, kindly. "I have read that there is a Spanish proverb, 'Every man in his own house, and God in everybody's.' Is He a loved Guest in this house, zapatero?"

The zapatero looked steadily at the heel on which he pounded.

"God is everywhere," he answered easily. "I live here and work much, and we say, 'Todos los duelos con pan son buenos'—Bread cures every trouble."

"But there is other bread, the living

Bread that came down from heaven," went on the Americano, with kind insistence; "the Bread for one's soul—Jesus Cristo. Has your soul tasted that Bread, zapatero?"

"Father!" broke in the Americano's daughter, impatiently, "I want this girl to make me a Spanish rebozo, just like the one she is making. Won't you buy me one?"

A resentful flush came to Maruja's cheeks. She usually sold the beautiful long black lace rebosos that she made, but she did not like to work for a girl who seemed so haughty.

"Do you want one, Louise?" asked the Americano father.

He came and looked at the rebozo. Then he told Maruja that he and his daughter would be staying in the neighborhood several months, and the rebozo was beautiful, and he would buy it when finished. He spoke very kindly, but his daughter only said warningly to Maruja, "Don't sell it to anybody else."

By this time the heel was securely fastened on the shoe. The Americano paid for the work, his daughter put on the shoe, and they walked away. Maruja's angry eyes watched the hollyhocks hide the visitors. The Americano girl did not mean to show herself haughty or supercilious. She would have scorned to exhibit such feelings. She only regarded Maruja in the light of a curiosity, like the Chinamen, who wore big hats called *mow*, and who nailed light wood orange boxes together in the orange orchards near by. Maruja had perceived the other girl's feeling, and resented it.

After this, Maruja often saw Louise riding horseback with her father or walking with some friend. At such times Maruja always drew her black shawl a little farther over her head to screen herself from observation. All Maruja's friends were accustomed to wear black shawls over their heads when on the streets of the little hamlet. After every glimpse of the Americano girl, Maruja would go home and toil tirelessly on that rebozo, wishing she could ever be through working for that girl. But one cannot make a rebozo in one day. Lace will not be so hurried.

On a day early in August, however, the rebozo was done. Maruja hastened to take it to its purchaser.

Maruja did not see the rebozo again till several weeks later, when the pampas harvest was at its height. Maruja was an accomplished pampas-plume stripper, and as no more customers for rebosos were hurrying her, she went to the pampas fields, as she was wont to do every year.

All over the fields the great pampas bushes stood in rows. Each bush was ten or twelve feet high, the yard-long, narrow, grasslike leaves hanging down, while above shot up the pampas plumes that were all yet shut inside the green sheaths, like rolled umbrellas in their cases, for pampas harvest must not be delayed till the plumes come out themselves.

Men and boys wearing masks and gloves to protect faces and hands from the knife-like edges of the pampas leaves, were all over the fields, cutting the spikes in which the plumes were yet sheathed, and heaping the spikes in wagons. These, when filled, were driven to a row of pepper-trees where the strippers worked, nimbly tearing off the green cases. Greenish white and damp, the lank plumes were drawn out, not yet showing themselves the beautiful, great, white, fluffy things they would be after they had been spread on their specially rolled section of ground to dry for three hours, and had then been taken to the curing house and handled sixteen times during the curing process there.

Maruja was sitting under her pepper-tree, stripping pampas plumes. The strippers were paid by the thousand plumes, and Maruja, from long practice, could strip over three thousand plumes per day. Maruja was happy, working and trying to guess who the last person was who had brought a load of pampas to her. He had worn a mask and had gayly challenged her to find out who he was.

Maruja, left alone, was vainly guessing, when she heard the sound of voices, and saw Louise and another girl on horseback. Louise's cool, haughty face gazed at the field. The two girls let their horses walk down the field till they passed out of sight among the great pampas bushes.

"They go to see," thought Maruja, bitterly. "We are all but babes" to her. She thinks I am *bruto*. She is wearing the rebozo—and a hat, also! That is not Spanish way."

Maruja smiled disdainfully. Louise was

wearing the lace rebozo lightly thrown about her neck as a scarf, instead of throwing it over her head.

At last Maruja saw the two girls coming again. They had made the circuit of the entire field, looking at the masked laborers and their work. As Louise and her friend rode up to the strippers, Maruja met the visitors' gaze with lifted face, but Louise did not give any sign of recognition.

Maruja noted something. The lace rebozo that Louise had worn carelessly thrown about her neck was gone! Had the rebozo slipped unnoticed by its owner as she galloped?

Maruja gazed after the girls as they rode away.

The noon hour came. Maruja slipped away from the other workers. She ran into the fields. Her sharp eyes looked narrowly. The field laborers had gone away to eat. Maruja hunted. The nooning was going. She went at last to the path along the border of the field. Some blackberry vines grew near. If she came back eating blackberries, the other pampas workers would think she had been away for the berries and nothing else.

Maruja sprang across an irrigation ditch. From May to mid-August the pampas bushes were irrigated, irrigation stopping before harvest. In the dry ditch lay the rebozo!

"The horse jumped the ditch and the rebozo fell off," thought Maruja.

She rolled the rebozo and thrust it into her dress. She found a few blackberries, and she hurried back, eating her berries ostentatiously as she came among the workers. They were so busy stripping the plumes that not much notice was taken of Maruja.

"I will not give the rebozo to the Americano girl," determined Maruja. "I sell the rebozo to some one else!"

The pampas harvest lasted some seventeen days, as usual. When it was over and Maruja was back in her home, one day the face of Louise's father appeared at the zapatero's door.

"My daughter has lost that beautiful rebozo that you made," he said, pleasantly, to Maruja. "Can you make another exactly like that? Her birthday comes in two months. Can you have the rebozo done by then?"

Maruja assented.

The Americano smiled, and, taking out of his pocket a little Spanish New Testament, showed it to her.

"Have you and your father one?" he asked. "No? Let me give you this. May it make you better acquainted with Jesus Cristo, my child."

The Americano went away.

Maruja saw what she could do. "Exactly like the other rebozo," he had said. She could carry him at the appointed time the rebozo she had found, and be paid twice for the same rebozo! What a trick to play on that girl Louise who was so haughty! Maruja exulted.

Her eyes dropped on the little Testament. She opened it and read the Spanish words. She read much in the book during the coming days. The rebozo lay hidden. The weeks went by and still Maruja read.

One day she found part of a verse: "Yo soy el pan de vida"—"I am the Bread of life."

"It is what the Americano spoke the first day to my father, the zapatero," said Maruja, eagerly. "What is it?"

She read on: "El que á mi viene, nunca tendrá hambre"—"He who cometh to me shall never hunger."

Maruja's eyes filled with tears. She sat and looked at the verse a long time. Then she rose and put her black shawl over her head. She went to the Americano's. He was in. She held out the lace rebozo.

"Is it done?" the Americano asked. "It is beautiful! You have worked quickly. I will pay you."

He drew out his purse.

"It is her same rebozo," confessed Maruja, hoarsely. "I find it—I keep it—I be bad—I be sorry."

The Americano took the rebozo. There was a silence.

Maruja looked up. There was nothing but pity in his face. Maruja's eyes suddenly filled with tears again.

"I want—the Bread—of life," she said, brokenly.

A great earnestness swept over the Americano's face.

"You can have it for the asking," he answered. "Shall we ask now?"

When Louise came home, she discovered the rebozo in her room.

"A Mexican girl found it," explained her father, quietly.

"It isn't injured at all," responded his daughter; "but I shouldn't have expected one of those Mexicans to bring it back!"

Her father looked after her as she went away.

"They shall come from the east, and from the west," and shall sit down in the kingdom of God," he murmured.

But Louise did not know how nearly she had been a stumbling-block in Maruja's way.

East Oakland, Cal.

## THE SPARROWS AND THEIR PSALM.

Rev. Alfred J. Hough.

Where winter wraps Green Hills in snow,  
One Sabbath day, not long ago,  
While clear and sweet the preacher read  
What David in his psalm had said  
About the sparrows, came a shrill,  
Sharp chirping from the window-sill  
Above the pulpit, and all eyes  
Were lifted with a glad surprise  
To see the sparrows toss the snow  
A storm had left a while ago,  
Then stand and listen in the sun  
To their own psalm till it was done.

The sermon followed in its place,  
But far above the preacher's face  
The people gazed, and heard, he thought,  
A sermon by the sparrows wrought.  
They spoke out bravely from their throats,  
Like Methodists, and preached with notes,  
Making queer gestures with their wings,  
(Some human preachers do such things,)  
And through the congregation words  
Something like these came from the birds:—

"The oldest psalm is ever new,  
For Truth can never be untrue.  
What learned men have fought about  
The birds can prove beyond a doubt."  
A skeptic looked round for his hat  
To hear the birds discourse like that.  
"Though dying years have come and gone,  
God and His sparrows still live on.  
The greatest calls the least to share  
His tender love and constant care."  
Just here a song of trust they sung,  
Then preached again to old and young:  
"We chirp as sweetly in the snow,  
When wintry winds around us blow,  
As through the balmy summer hours,  
When all the world is wreathed in flowers;  
For He who taught the poet-king  
Our going to church so well to sing,  
Gives day by day the best of fare,  
And never leaves His tables bare.  
Chirp, chirp, amen!" the sparrows cried;  
And one discouraged heart inside  
The church grew brave to hear that shrill  
Faith-psalm from the window-sill.  
Then thinking one point had been missed,  
They preached straight at a pessimist  
Who in the week-night place of prayer  
Mourned in the language of despair  
About the church and its decay,  
When we are building three-a-day.  
The sparrows don't believe such things,  
And went at him with beaks and claws.  
"Can God forget His own?" they cried;  
And everybody heard inside.  
"The church imperishable stands,  
For it late time and these new lands,  
As David sung so far away,  
The sparrows seek God's house today.  
And when the pessimists are dead,  
And out of heaven overhead  
The new Jerusalem comes down,  
Love's sacrifice to seal and crown,  
With street of gold and temple fair  
God's singing sparrows will be there."

And though the preacher wrought with skill,  
The sparrows from the window-sill  
With restless wing and sermon song  
Held the attention of the throng.  
And he has since himself confessed,  
The sparrows' sermon was the best.  
Brattleboro, Vt.

## CHANGING OUR MOURNING CUSTOMS.

"ONE of the surest indications that, as a people, we are tearing away from barbaric customs," writes Edward W. Bok, in *February Ladies' Home Journal*, "is found in the changes which, slowly but surely, have come over our mourning customs and funeral emblems. The time is not so far back when the announcement in a funeral notice that 'friends will please omit flowers' was an unheard-of thing. When this first appeared, people wondered at it. . . . Now, one meets the request in numerous cases, and the effect has been good. 'Gates Ajar' and similar vulgar floral monstrosities are being discarded, and the modest laurel wreath or cross, or sheaf of wheat, have in good taste supplanted them. Flowers for the dead are not to be decried so long as they have a meaning or carry a message of tender sympathy to the living, or attest a love, reverence or respect for the dead. But when offered mindlessly, in profusion, jammed or crammed into every imaginable made-to-order-looking design or device, the custom (or habit) of thus rememboring the dead becomes offensive and is best honored in the breach." Mr. Bok also expresses hearty satisfaction that the day of big funeral cortèges is passing, and that the heavy black draped at the door of the home which death has entered has been supplanted by simple, unobtrusive wreaths of green or blossoms. With equal gratification he notes that the sight of young children fairly stifling beneath the heavy folds of mourning is becoming more and more rare. In this connection he writes: "I never thoroughly understood until recently the depth of affection and the sure, sane judgment which prompted that member of my family, who, when he was dying, asked that his wife and children should refrain from wearing anything which savored of mourning at his passing. It was difficult to do; the heart seemed to prompt otherwise. But it was done, and the wisdom of my father's dying wish has often come home to his survivors when they have

seen the custom followed which has made relatives and friends sombre just to look at each other."

## About Women.

During Miss Willard's visit at Knoxville, Tenn., some Catholic ladies called on her to express their regards and brought her handsome flowers. They had formed a Temperance Union auxiliary to the total abstinence society of their church.

Miss Caroline B. Hendricks has just been admitted to practice law in the circuit and superior courts of Marion County, Ind. Miss Hendricks is a graduate of the Indianapolis Law School, and is a niece of Gov. Thomas A. Hendricks, who at the time of his death was Vice President of the United States.

At the dedication of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Rahway, Bishop Foss, in making an appeal for subscriptions, showed parents why they should contribute, and then said: "If any old bachelor is here, he should embrace the privilege at once of contributing in this way to the welfare of the nation. And the same considerations apply to any unclaimed or resisting sister."

Mrs. Emma Walker Herr, of Lexington, who has been elected enrolling clerk of the State senate of Kentucky, is the first woman to hold this position. She is a widow with two children, and since the death of her husband six years ago has supported herself by newspaper and literary work. She is the daughter of Rev. H. P. Walker, D. D., a Methodist minister of Lexington, Ky.

The Atlanta Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution is the only chapter of that great organization that has its own building — the Massachusetts State Building at the Exposition — it having been formally delivered to the city, to be held in trust for the Atlanta Chapter until that organization can secure a charter from the State. The building is an exact copy of the Craigie House, the home of Mr. Longfellow, and cost \$10,000. The gift included the electric lights, bookcases and similar fixtures, but not the furniture.

Again a missionary at Ellis Island holds the W. C. T. U. banner aloft. Miss Child-Petit of New Jersey is the standard-bearer — a graduate of Syracuse University and a student in the Boston School of Oratory under the Shakespearian scholar, Professor Hudson. About one thousand people come weekly to this port, the majority of them from Germany, Sweden, Italy, Prussia, and Poland. The missionaries assist them about getting their money changed, tickets selected, and baggage checked. It is a sorrow to Miss Petit that beer is sold in bottles with the food and no tea and coffee is obtainable, but she is hopeful that better plans may soon prevail.

## Boys and Girls.

## JESSE'S VALENTINE.

Sally Campbell.

IT was just a week before Valentine's Day. Outside a gay shop window three boys, dangling their skates in their hands, had stopped, in passing, to hang over the iron railing and look, somewhat critically, at the glories displayed within.

"A few years ago," said Jesse Tarkins, in the reminiscent tone dear to the heart of fifteen, "I admired valentines hugely. How ridiculous they are! Please look at the tinsel and paper lace, and the cupids and roses that have all got rush of blood to the head!"

"I don't think," said Bob Starr, "that the poetry suffers from anything rushing to its head."

"Nowadays," Jesse went on, "I would not send one of the things for money."

"Probably he has a valentine in his pocket this minute," said Bob, teasingly, "directed to his best girl."

"Stuff!" said Jesse.

With which reply the trio would have disposed of the subject, had not a gentle-faced little woman in black come by a moment later, smiling pleasantly on all the boys, who pulled off their caps and made their politest bows with alacrity.

"She is my best girl," said Jesse. "I would do almost anything to send Mrs. Hinton a valentine that would please her. She has done lots for me."

The others did not ask him what the "lots" had been. They thought they knew. Jesse had joined the church a month or two before, and people said that Mrs. Hinton had influenced him a great deal. Besides, perhaps each of them had certain experiences of his own that would enlighten him. So that there was a little pause after Jesse spoke.

"I wonder," said Dan Rogers at last, lowering his voice, though Mrs. Hinton was well out of hearing then, "what has ever become of Maurice Hinton. Does anybody know?"

"I guess not," said Bob. "Nobody talks about him any more. He seems to have

gone to stay. Not much loss, either, except that his mother is breaking her heart over him."

"What made her son run away?" asked Jesse, who was a newer comer in the town than his companions.

"Meanness," answered Bob, promptly. "Because he was like his father, and his father was a precious old sinner, if there ever was one. To be sure, he was converted about a year before he died, and that was very nice of him. But he had been teaching Maurice all his tricks ever since he was born, and it was too late to take them back then. A man can mend his own ways in his old age with some success, but as for other people's, that he has been doing his level best for a lifetime to make crooked, he has to let them go, very likely."

"This sounds a good deal like preaching, Bob," said Dan.

"It is preaching. It is a sermon that bothers me considerably more than some of the parson's discourses. Well, after Mr. Hinton died, Maurice was going pretty fast, and his mother tried to hold him in. So one night he ran off, and that has been the last of him so far."

"Isn't Mrs. Hinton plucky?" cried Jesse, enthusiastically. "How many people, with a trouble like that, would have any of themselves to spare for their neighbors? And yet everybody around here who gets hurt, goes to Mrs. Hinton to bind up their wounds."

"They even go to her sometimes to rejoice with them. She does it, too."

"And that is another sermon," said Jesse.

A day or two later, Jesse went in to the city, which was near by. His errand was soon accomplished, and he had plenty of time on his hands. Following a natural boy's instinct, he stopped before a large building bristling with scaffolding and workmen, and, sitting down on a keg of nails near to where they were stirring the lime, he fell to watching the busy scene. Presently his glance traveled round to the workman at the lime, a young fellow not much older than he was, upon whose face his eyes rested, at first with vague curiosity, then with rising interest, until at last, before he well knew what he was doing, he found himself saying,—

"Are you Maurice Hinton?"

The young man gave a violent start.

"What are you talking about?" he asked, roughly. "My name is Tom Smith."

"No, you are Maurice Hinton," said Jesse, confidently, with a shake of his head. "You went away four years ago and left your mother all alone. Four years are a long time for anybody. It must be awfully long for a person who, every hour of it, is waiting and grieving for some one who does not come."

He paused a moment, but there was no attempt at any response.

"She has been so patient and brave, always trying to help anybody she can. Last night, about dusk, I saw her going up the walk to her own house. There wasn't any light inside, and it made me sick to think what a worried heart she was carrying into the darkness and loneliness. How can you bear it, when all you have to do is to get on the train and go to her, and bring the light right back into her life?"

He waited a moment.

"Maurice," he began again, lowering his boyish tones in his earnestness, "I love your mother dearly. I ought to; for she opened the door of heaven to me. I wish I had your chance to make her happy. Won't you do it? You must know that there is not a sweater woman in the world than she is."

"Yes," answered Maurice, "I know it. Of course I know that. That is what made the trouble — partly. The other part," he added, grimly, "was made by my being so bad. Sin and salvation don't pull well together. And we were neither of us willing to give up. We are not yet."

"What about your four years? Have you enjoyed them?"

"Yes," was the defiant answer.

But it did not count, for they both knew that it was not the true one.

"Go back," urged Jesse. "Come back now with me. Let us go home together and walk up to your mother's door, and see her face when she opens it — her poor, tired face — see it change and hear her thank God for you! Why, Maurice Hinton, how can you stay away a minute when you think of it? It would be so — so jolly!"

Jesse was afraid to use a more appropriate word; it was too doubtful whether he could keep his voice steady on any other. But, again, it did not matter; Maurice understood his meaning better than the best

rhetoric could have expressed it. He understood, but he hardened his heart.

"Who are you?" he asked. "How did you know me? I never saw you in my life."

"I knew you because you were so like your mother," Jesse explained.

For the first time Maurice, in his surprise, lifted his head and stared Jesse full in the face.

"Like my mother!" he cried. "You are the only person who ever said it. I was always told that I was the image of my father." He laughed — not a pleasant laugh.

"I never saw your father. It must have been your mother's look about you that I recognized. And surely there must be something in you better than looks to answer to it."

Maurice hesitated. A softened expression stole into his face, and the resemblance of which they had been speaking deepened. Jesse's hopes rose high, but, in a moment, they were dashed.

"No," said Maurice. "I will not go back. It would be the same thing over. Of course I am doing wrong. But I never do anything else. And let me tell you, I am going away from here. You can't find me. If you stir things up, you will only make another disappointment. I am not worth caring for. My mother would better forget me."

"Do you think she can?"

Jesse did not know whether the question was heard. Maurice had started off toward the building. While Jesse watched him, he climbed up the scaffolding and disappeared inside; and though the twelve o'clock whistle blew and the other workmen left their posts, "Tom Smith" did not come back.

Jesse sat on his keg of nails, and wondered what he ought to do. His perplexity did not last long. A sudden trembling in the earth, a dull rumble in the air, startled him to his feet. What was it? The tall tenement seemed rocking on its foundation. A crash! The street was full of people; men were shouting and gesticulating, asking questions which nobody answered, making suggestions which nobody followed.

"It's good we were all out of her," said a man standing near Jesse. "It ain't very safe lodgings just now."

Jesse tried to speak. "Tom Smith" — he gasped.

"Where is Tom? Haan't anybody seen him?"

Jesse pointed to the tenement.

"Do you think he is inside?"

"Yes."

A hasty search was made, and as the inquiry passed from mouth to mouth, noisy tongues grew silent or spoke in whispers.

"Poor Tom!" muttered the man near Jesse. "There ain't much hopes of him being alive in there. Nor it ain't a nice job going to see. There's no telling how much more will cave in, nor when it will do it."

Jesse's head swam; the sound of falling bricks and splitting timbers still echoed in his ears, while to his troubled vision the walls were once more rocking toward a fall. Suddenly, with marvelous distinctness, memory brought back to his dazed senses certain words of his own: "I would do almost anything to send her a valentine that would please her."

His nerves grew steady, his brain cleared. With an unuttered prayer in his heart, he pushed aside the crowd, and started cautiously up the piece of scaffolding still in place, which he had watched Maurice climb half an hour before.

The roof had fallen in. Its debris, piled up on what remained of the flooring below, enabled him to make his way perilously from room to room, until he found Maurice. He discovered him pinned in helplessly between two heavy beams, almost choked with the rubbish on top of him, but not hurt. Jesse soon freed him, and, as swiftly as possible, they got back to the scaffolding. Just as they were climbing out upon it, a loosened brick struck Jesse on the head and half stunned him. And now it was Maurice who finished the work of rescue, dragging his companion down the degrees of the woodwork, and bending an anxious face over him when he had laid him carefully on the ground.

"Give my love to your mother," whispered Jesse. "Give her my love, and thanks. And God bless her! God bless you!"

Then he fainted, and for several days and nights knew very little of what was going on about him. But on the afternoon of the fourteenth day of February, he opened his eyes, to see Mrs. Hinton and Maurice both standing at his bedside.

"You got my Valentine, didn't you?" he said, smiling weakly at Mrs. Hinton, and wondering what made his voice sound so far off. "Did you like it?"

Princeton, N. J.

**Editorial.****THE POWER OF INTENTION.**

INTENTION is an important element in fashioning the religious life. It enters into the beginnings and remains in the progress of our religious experience. Intention is the attitude of the mind when ready to act, the firm planting of the foot, the bending toward the goal, and the girding of the loins for the race. The gaze is steady, the muscle tense, and the energies are compressed for the forward leap. In intention the mind is focused and holds, as a motto, "This one thing." Intention goes before all great achievement, and is master of our whole lives. In both secular and spiritual life we usually get only so far as we intend.

The power of intention no one has been able accurately to measure. We only know it to be immense. None but God can stand before it. The homely proverb, "Where there is a will there is a way," embodies the popular belief in the power of intention. The intention may be either conservative or progressive; it may anchor fast to the old, or spread its sails in search of new lands. There is often a depth and mystery about our intention. We sometimes think we have weighed anchor, when, in reality, we are held firmly to the old moorings.

Rev. Ebenezer Washburn, an early member of the New York Conference, once had a curious experience of this kind. After several years in the ministry, he came to feel the need of a deeper work of grace in his heart. He re-examined the subject of entire sanctification. He approved the doctrine, and made, as he thought, an entire consecration of himself to God. He believed in and agonized for an entrance into the fulness of the Divine blessing, but really made little headway. As he was calling one day upon a parishioner, he incidentally took up a volume of Wesley's works where the author was pointing out the way into the holiest by describing the steps to be taken. He opened to the conclusion, in words like these: "It appears, therefore, that the real reason why we are not wholly saved is that we do not really intend to be." Mr. Washburn was struck by the passage. He closed the book and asked himself: "Can this be my case? Is it possible, after so many prayers and tears, I do not intend to be saved?" He went to his study, and, in the light of this suggestion, re-examined himself, and found the real difficulty was in his intention. His feelings had been stirred, but the intention was held by the old nature. The moment he really intended, the work was done.

**THAT NEW CONSTITUTION.**

THERE appears to be a strange backwardness on the part of the papers of the church, official and unofficial, to express opinions on the new constitution for the General Conference, proposed by the "Commission" appointed for that purpose in 1888. It seems as if the work of that Commission is looked upon as only a voluntary service rendered by those who have studied the needs of the church from the standpoint of conservatism, and have tendered the result on their own motion for such consideration as it might elicit by reason of its fitness to meet wants keenly felt. The fact is, the Commission was officially appointed by the General Conference, and followed the order of the General Conference in doing its work and in making its report. As we understand it, the report was made in two parts because the duty imposed on the Commission was twofold. Its first duty was to ascertain and report what it believed to be of the nature and force of "constitution" in the Discipline as it is; and its second duty was to prepare articles to take the place of those now recognized as forming the constitution. This determined the form of the report, making the first part declarative and the second part to consist of the new constitution. This order appears imperative under the instructions of the General Conference; but for the purpose of consistent action on the part of the General Conference receiving the report and acting upon it, the more logical order is to consider the last part of the report first, for the reason that if a new constitution shall be adopted, the value of any definition of the meaning and scope of the old one will be greatly reduced, if not entirely destroyed, by its displacement.

It seems to us important to get this view of the matter before the church just now, so that the thought of the delegates may

be fixed upon the new constitution rather than upon the ambiguities and perplexing historical obscurities of that under which we are now working. The very fact that there are such uncertainties touching the regularity of the adoption of some of the items in the constitution we now have as to warrant the appointment of a commission to look into the matter and report, is in itself a mighty argument for the revision as ordered through the Commission. Whatever may be said in favor of modifying some of the recommendations of the Commission, as found in the submitted report, it will not be claimed that the proposed constitution is deficient in form or obscure in its wording. In the matter of clearness it challenges admiration, and this quality is exceedingly desirable, as will appear to all who have been perplexed in the study of the old one. Its precise and vigorous English affords high satisfaction.

The first thing in it that will appear to many as needing amendment, is the provision for ministerial and lay delegates of unequal numbers. In our judgment the church will not be satisfied with this inequality, and the adoption of a new constitution, or the attempt to do it, furnishes the occasion for vigorously pushing this subject to the front as it has not been in the past. This paper has heretofore expressed itself as ready for radical action on this point. It would willingly see the ministerial delegations cut down to the size of the lay delegations, equalizing the orders, and greatly reducing the size of the body. In this we do not pretend to represent our patronizing Conferences, for we have not consulted them, and do not know how they would vote; but since they are made up of New Englanders who do something in the line of thinking for themselves, it is highly probable that their vote would not be a unit. It is scarcely to be expected that unanimity of judgment will be reached on this subject in any section of the church. The outcome must be secured by way of concession. Therefore the ministry must yield to the demands of the laity. This must be done gracefully and cordially, not after a conflict to be followed by regrets and resentments. The church cannot afford strife on this line. We shall, therefore, favor the proposition for equal numbers of ministerial and lay delegates, with such provision for separate and concurrent voting as will give all the advantages of two distinct houses of equal strength and coordinate power.

This latter point is provided for in the article of the new constitution on "Voting" — Art. IX. We do not see that it could be improved. To require the separate vote in all cases, in mere routine work, would be useless and cumbersome; but to leave it optional with the orders, requiring a call for it before it can be had, is embarrassing.

This article seems to us to meet all the requirements of the case, providing at once for prompt and smooth working and for conservative and safe action. Under it the call for separate voting will never occasion friction.

The article on organizing the General Conferences seems to us important. It does not materially alter the custom, but it gives authority of law to what has been only custom. Beyond this, it recognizes the rights of delegates-elect, and directs orderly procedure in cases where titles to seats are challenged. It regards a certificate of election as *prima facie* evidence of a right to a seat, but not final evidence, and therefore does not permit the challenged party to participate in the proceedings till his right is settled. This accords sufficiently with general usage in representative bodies, and works no injustice to any claimant. The method of making final decision in cases of disputed title is properly left to the General Conference, which can provide regulations by its own enactment for conducting necessary proceedings. The wisdom of the Commission is seen in leaving to the discretion of the General Conference what is purely legislative.

We rather like the article on the presidency of the General Conference. It introduces no new principle, but supplies some manifest deficiencies in the old law, and gives proper form to what has been the usage in the absence of legal authorization. For the first time it requires that the Bishops be chosen from among the traveling elders. Once a local elder was chosen for Missionary Bishop; but had the office been that of General Superintendent, there would have been no legal disqualification in the case. The instances are so rare where laymen or local elders would be liable to be chosen that it seems needless to provide against it, and yet it is only consistent to embody some qualification for the office in the funds-

mental law. On the whole, we think the article a good one. In another respect it expresses clearly what has been the practice without formal enactment — that the presiding Bishop shall decide questions of order, subject to appeal to the body, but shall not decide questions of law.

In more than one instance embarrassment has arisen from failure to discriminate between questions of law and of order. Members have risen to make a point of order, and when called upon to state it have based it upon some usage or disciplinary provision that made it really a question of law; and sometimes in the haste of business the chairman himself has failed to catch the right distinction, and proceeded to rule so as to construe the law of the church as well as the rules of order. The adoption of this article of the constitution will be practically beneficial if it will induce members to be more careful about rising to questions of order when they mean questions of law. It may also lead to the adoption of some wise method of making prompt constructions of the law when these are needed, as they sometimes are, in the haste of business proceedings. Our General Conference is manifestly lame in all that relates to the exercise of its judicial powers, and we do not see that the pending constitution makes adequate provision to meet this serious deficiency. We need all it proposes, and something in addition which has not yet been put in shape.

**Methodist Hospital in Boston.**

THE dedication of a Deaconess Hospital in this city — the report of which will be found on the 4th page — is the most Christlike event that has occurred in our church in New England. To obey the message and to imitate the life of Jesus, so far as is possible, is the first and chief business of His church. The Christian hospital more nearly expresses the mind of Christ for needy and suffering humanity than any other institution. We are gratified beyond words that at last the hospital dispensation, now extending so generally in our church, has found expression in our midst. The beginning is most auspicious, hopeful, practical and wise. Many of our noblest women, laymen and ministers have taken this Christian enterprise upon their hearts and are directing it with loving devotion and self-sacrifice. Our entire New England Methodism should now adopt this institution and generously foster it. Let those who have dedicated their lives to such urgent Christian service receive the prayerful, sympathetic and substantial support which they so richly deserve. Let the corporators, and especially the board of managers, all of whom have given already much time, thought and money to launch the institution, be sustained by liberal-hearted Methodists in all our borders. We expect to see this Hospital crowded with the suffering, and that an imperative demand will soon be made for larger accommodations.

Now that the Deaconess Hospital is actually established, with such complete facilities and equipments, it is certainly fitting and obligatory that whatever our people have to give for such a cause should be applied to this institution.

**Composition of the General Conference.**

NOW that the official list of the delegates to General Conference, together with the reserves, elected by the Fall Conferences, has been published, an inquiry into the composition of that body, so far as already determined, is plainly in order, and is a matter of considerable interest. A careful examination of names and occupations reveals the following facts: The 310 ministerial delegates and reserves (194 delegates, 116 reserves, from 71 Conferences) consist of 152 presiding elders, 98 pastors, 26 heads of literary institutions, 9 editors, 6 professors, 6 secretaries, 5 book agents, 3 mission superintendents, 2 agents of universities, 1 press superintendent, 1 supernumerary, and 1 of undesignated position.

The lay delegates and reserves are exceedingly variegated in their employment. Of merchants there are 42, lawyers 26, bankers 19, physicians 17, farmers 12, manufacturers 10, teachers 9 (besides 4 professors, 2 principals, 2 presidents, and 2 school superintendents), insurance men 8, judges 5, lumber dealers 5, editors 4, local preachers 3, real estate 3, retired 3, grain dealers 3, managers 2, dentists 2, tailors 2, undesignated 2, and of the following, one each: organist, treasurer, bank cashier, clerk, advertising agent, music dealer, Book Concern cashier, treasurer of railroad, purchasing agent of railroad, temperance agent, contractor, oil producer, commercial traveler, engineer, furniture dealer, marble cutter, capitalist, jeweler, evangelist, funeral director, railroad manager, hotel-keeper, explorer, lumberman, governor, politician, mail service, brick mason, salesman, druggist, sea-captain, marine officer, ex-consul, government department officer, landlord, bookbinder. Five women have been chosen, two — Mrs. Bashford and Miss Trimble — as delegates; and three — Miss Mabel C. Hartford, Miss Ella K. Rankin, and Mrs. J. G. Pickler — as reserves.

Here is certainly a good variety of occupa-

tions and abilities, quite competent, it would seem, to look at any question that may come up, from all points of view. Many strong men of wide reputation are in the list, many more of equal or greater weight will unquestionably be chosen in the months just before us, and the interests of the church will be safe in their hands. Nevertheless, there should be much prayer that the best selections may be made, and the best things done.

**Personals.**

— Bishop Newman and Mrs. Newman have returned from Mexico.

— Bishop Foss is one of the "select" preachers at Cornell University. He is announced for Sunday, March 1.

— Rev. J. D. Phelps, of Buffalo, is delivering a series of lectures on Christian Evidences before the faculty and students of Clafin University at Orangeburg, S. C.

— Captain Isaac McDonald, one of the best known temperance men of Maine and a brother of Rev. Wm. McDonald, died at his home in Portland last week, aged 71 years.

— Rev. S. P. Jones, D. D., of Madison Ave. Church, New York city, has signified his intention to spend a year in travel and rest in Europe at the close of the present Conference year.

— Rev. Cornelius Wolfekin, pastor of the Greene Ave. Baptist Church, Brooklyn, declines the call to Clarendon St. Baptist Church — the late Dr. A. J. Gordon's church — of this city, though the call included an advance in salary of \$4,000.

— Rev. J. F. and Mrs. Clymer, of Pittsfield, were in Boston and Somerville for several days last week, visiting among old friends. Dr. Clymer is completing his fourth year of a second pastorate with his present church, and is invited to return for the fifth year.

— Rev. George E. Sanderson writes from East Pepperell, under date of Feb. 6: "Mrs. Susan P. Whitney, Mrs. Sanderson's mother, passed away at our home on the morning of Feb. 1, after twelve weeks of suffering. Mother's presence has been a constant benediction in our home and in the church. For over sixty years she walked with God."

— Mr. Philo G. Noon (Harvard '95) has received the Robert Treat Paine prize at the University for the excellence of his paper upon "The Children of the Poor in Boston." Mr. Noon is a member of the Epworth Church in Cambridge, and a very efficient worker in the Epworth Settlement in this city. He is a son of Rev. Alfred Noon of the New England Conference.

— Rev. Dr. Hoskins, with his wife and son, will sail from Bombay, Feb. 11. He is on his twenty-ninth year of missionary service, and hopes after a short rest to return for another term. The son has been educated at the Methodist High School, Naini Tai, and will enter Dr. Butcher and Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe of the North India Conference, and Robert Gill, will be their fellow travelers.

— Rev. C. C. Feite, presiding elder of the New England District of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, died at his home in East Providence, Feb. 4. He was a scholarly preacher, an excellent Christian citizen, and highly respected not only in his own denomination, but by all who knew him. His family are members of the Haven Methodist Episcopal Church, and it was a great pleasure to the pastor to have his assistance at the various church services when he was not traveling on his extensive district. Haven Church knows no color line.

— Since the resignation by Rev. J. M. Durrell of the presidency of Tilton Seminary, the trustees have elected Prof. G. L. Pilimpton to be acting president during the spring term, and his wife to be vice-president. Prof. Pilimpton has had charge of the classical department for almost four years, and has proved himself to be a most popular and successful teacher and disciplinarian. Rev. D. C. Knowles, D. D., has been elected Ladd professor, and will teach the classes of the retiring president, and will also take special charge of the moral and religious training of the students. There are to be no other changes in the faculty.

— The alumni and friends of Boston University will be greatly gratified to learn that Prof. Frank Roosevelt Butler, of the Woman's College, Baltimore, was elected by the trustees of the institution, Feb. 10, to the chair of English Literature, to fill the vacancy recently made by the resignation of Prof. David Dorchester, Jr. Prof. Butler is a son of Massachusetts, born in Saugus in 1861. He graduated from the School of Liberal Arts, Boston University, in 1884, and from the School of Theology in 1887. He married the daughter of Hon. J. F. Almy, of Salem. He is eminently fitted to succeed in the position to which he has been elected.

— We are greatly pained to announce the death of Alice Winnefred Pottie, daughter of Rev. A. W. and Mrs. Pottie, of Boothbay, Me., aged 26 years, who passed into her heavenly rest, Thursday, Feb. 6. She had been in failing health for three years. She spent nearly two of these years in California, but failed to realize the desired results. She returned with her parents last July, that she might spend her last months in the midst of her many friends and the familiar haunts of Maine. She fully realized

her condition, freely and frequently speaking of her departure, and giving directions with reference to her funeral and the disposal of her possessions. She lived a beautiful life, triumphed over death, and now is safe from the storm. The family will receive the tender and prayerful sympathy of a large circle of friends in their bereavement.

— Rev. Dr. E. S. Stackpole's volume on "Prophecy, or Speaking for God," will soon be issued by T. Y. Crowell & Co.

— Rev. Wm. Naat Brodbeck, D. D., is in attendance upon the Deaconess Convention, which is in session in Minneapolis, as the representative of the board of managers of the New England Deaconess Home and Hospital.

— Rev. Dr. Daniel Dorchester left last week to visit his son, Ernest D. Dorchester, at Velasco, Texas, assistant superintendent of a scheme for opening a deep sea harbor at the mouth of Brazos River, fifty miles beyond Galveston. He will go by the way of Pittsburg, Pa., where he will visit another son, Rev. Daniel Dorchester, Jr. He expects to be absent one month.

— The many friends of Mrs. Charles W. Oxford, of Cambridge, will be pained to learn of her decease, which occurred Jan. 31, after an illness of several weeks. She was an excellent woman and a prominent and very useful member of Grace Church. By her death the church comes into possession of \$1,000 which she had provided in her will should go towards the payment of the indebtedness upon the church edifice.

— Among the active members of the Wesleyan Association, a generation or more ago, was Benjamin H. Barnes, of Chelsea. His widow, Mrs. Sarah A. Barnes, well known to many of our readers as one of the early members of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, will reach her 85th birthday, on Sunday, Feb. 16. Any friends who may desire to congratulate her upon the event, will be cordially received at her residence, 13 Everett Avenue, Chelsea, on Saturday next, the 15th inst., from 2 to 5 P. M.

— Miss Mary E. Lunn, superintendent of the New England Deaconess Home and Hospital, has gone to Minneapolis to attend the Deaconess Convention, and will report the proceedings for our columns.

— Few are the daughters who are privileged to render to a beloved father such devoted and affectionate service as did Mrs. Bostwick to Father Husted. The following lines in a brief note from her bring our revered friend very vividly to mind. She writes: "But I do not grudge my father his glorious triumph over all infirmities, and everything that could distress him; and when I seem to hear him singing, I try to sing myself."

"Life's race well run,  
Life's work all done,  
Life's victory won:  
Now cometh rest."

We never knew the minister who retained the power to sing as did Father Husted.

— Among the noteworthy Solons on Beacon Hill, this winter, is Rev. Noble W. Everett, of Wareham, who is senator from the second Plymouth district. Mr. Everett has had an interesting career, beginning in Wareham and including an early trip to California. Returning thence, under the influence of the late Dr. Nelson, he became a student in Wyoming Seminary, Pa. Later, as a member of the Wyoming Conference, he was stationed in Wilkes-Barre, Scranton, and other important places in northern Pennsylvania. On account of failing health in 1870, he came back to his old home and engaged in agricultural pursuits, whence he went in 1878 and 1882 to the Massachusetts House of Representatives. In recent years he has supplied pulpits in the Cape region. As a member of the Senate he is serving at the head of the committee on Parishes and Religious Societies. He is also on the committees on Fisheries and Games and Libraries. He is a convenient substitute for the aged chaplain, Mr. Dowse, when the latter is absent. He is a ready speaker and always commands a hearing.

### Brieflets.

The Methodist Social Union will hold its February meeting at the American House on Monday evening next. It will be ladies' night, and an unusually attractive program has been arranged. Addresses will be delivered by the guests of the evening — Hon. Roger Wolcott, Lt. Governor of Massachusetts, Rev. J. F. Goucher, D. D., president of the Woman's College, Baltimore, and Rev. S. F. Upham, D. D., of Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J. Music will be furnished by Mr. H. A. Thayer.

The attention of all ministers and temperance reform people in New Hampshire is urgently invited to a call for "A Ministers' Temperance Conference," to be found on page 13.

Dr. Little, in the series upon "Some Reforms Demanded of the Next General Conference," puts the gist of his strong contention in his first statement: "Let the General Conference reform itself."

Among Bishop Haygood's last public utterances was his address to the class for admission into full connection at one of the Arkansas Conferences. On the subject of holiness he said: "Some have holiness for a hobby — second-blessing holiness. Well, doesn't everybody

who preaches on Christian graces or duties preach on holiness? We won't quarrel about theory. If you've got the second-blessing theory, don't think you are better than people who don't hold it. If Jesus did not give us any theory about holiness, you must not get excited if I prefer His teaching to yours. Christ says: 'Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.' That will do for me."

Rev. John McNeill, preaching recently in Leeds, is reported to have said: "Some people wear their doubts like a cockade in their cap as a badge of intellectual superiority."

"A Circumnavigation of Charity," by Rev. John S. Simon, on the 3d page, will be found to be one of the most interesting contributions that we have published for many a day.

The Central Methodist, in commenting upon the refusal of the three hotels of this city to entertain Bishop Arnott, says: —

"And that in Boston, the Hub of creation, and home of some of the most renowned abolitionists and Negro equalitists. Come, Dr. Parkhurst, that will never do! Fle! fle! fle!"

That is right, Editor Meek! Boston deserves it. Lay it on! But ZION'S HERALD will condemn race prejudice none the less in New England than in the Southland.

These are the days and nights when much good reading should be done. Our columns are prepared to meet this demand.

The poems of our Vermont Conference friend have a peculiar charm for us, especially the one we are privileged to publish this week on the 7th page.

As will be seen by reading the report of the dedication of the Deaconess Hospital, on the 4th page, there is an opportunity for some generous individuals or Epworth Leagues to perform a noble and beneficent act in furnishing the laundry and the kitchen. The editor will promptly respond to any inquiries which any one is led to make with a view to supplying this urgent need.

The following facts, grouped by the Springfield Republican, will serve to relieve, it is hoped, the morbid but very real fear entertained by many good people that the foreigner, especially the Celt, is soon to possess and govern this land: —

"Wisconsin gained over 14 per cent. in population during the past five years and the gain was almost entirely confined to the native-born. Of a total addition of about 251,000 to the population, only 4,675 were foreign-born. Just about one-half of the State's foreign-born population of 523,877 — in a total population of 1,837,915 — are Germans and 106,900 are Scandinavians."

The Tribune, in its report of the mass meeting held in New York city to protest against the removal of Mr. and Mrs. Ballington Booth from command, says: —

"The Mayor was followed by Bishop Andrews, who showed himself in great earnest upon the question at issue, paying to the Salvation Army a marvelously rich tribute for its worth and its work. He called it a unique force, a great force working for the redemption of the race."

The Ninth Annual Report on Manufactures in Massachusetts for 1894, shows a general shrinkage of business. The whole amount of capital invested was \$417,647,636 — about twelve millions less than in the preceding year. Value of stock used, \$257,212,036 — less by \$33,027,444 than in 1893. Value of the manufactured product, \$496,144,87 — a reduction from the preceding year of \$56,793,448. The number of persons employed was 310,167 — less by 18,596 than in 1893. The amount of wages shrank more than eleven millions of dollars. The year covered by this report was unfavorably affected by the hard times; the report for 1895 will no doubt show an improvement; and it is hoped the current year will advance to the old figures.

The closing days of January brought to the students and faculty of the School of Theology of Boston University a most welcome outpouring of the Divine Spirit. Extra meetings for prayer and religious conversation were held by professors and students in students' rooms, and in the reception-room as well as in the chapel. Individual heart-searching, confession of personal shortcomings, and frank discussion of Scriptural ideals of holiness, with common and earnest petitions to God for immediate blessing, produced the desired result. The whole school was lifted into the atmosphere of heaven. The gracious effects are sure to appear in the future ministry of these servants of Christ.

The Omaha Christian Advocate observes that "Mr. Pye, agent at the St. Louis Book Depository, said at the recent session of the North Nebraska Conference that the profits of our Book Concern arise chiefly from the sale of books and from our Sunday-school periodicals, rather than from the Advocate. This has been the repeated testimony of our Book Agents." That fact alone should put an end to all this unintelligent talk about reducing the price of leading Methodist papers. Even with the rigid economy exercised in the management of ZION'S HERALD, it would scarcely be self-sustaining in these "hard times" did not the Wesleyan Association provide, in its Building, the rooms occupied by the working force of the paper, without charge. The rooms devoted to ZION'S HERALD would rent for \$8,000 a year.

### A SUNDAY IN BOSTON.

CHEERFUL floods of winter sunshine poured over the city; the mellow tones of church bells filled the air, and many worshippers were moving through the streets in answer to their calls. From every quarter the bells were ringing, rising and falling on the peaceful air, until all jar and noise were lost, and it seemed that the city herself was at morning worship, pouring forth her soul in one glorious peal that rolled over the listening thousands and filled the wide heavens with doxology.

And was it not so? From as many different churches as there were church-towers rang the bells — bells of Baptists and Methodists, of Unitarians and Congregationalists, of Episcopalians and Spiritualists, bells of every faith and name, with but a single theme and with the consonance of heavenly harmony in their tones. At least it seemed so to us as we stood with only the blue heaven above us and God's sweet sunlight gladdening the morning world.

"Where shall we go?" was the question. From the way people were passing, one might suppose there was a church around every corner. And, indeed, such a supposition would not be far wrong. There is no need of any one's staying away from church in Boston, for this city is as liberally supplied with churches as any of our land. Nor can any one excuse himself on the ground that his particular faith is not represented here. If there is a creed that has been discovered during the past month, which has no following in Boston, you may rest assured that it will either appear on the Common in a few days or is already awaiting burial. Boston runs to fancy breeds of doctrine.

It has everything on earth that can be had in the way of religion — Swedenborgianism, Esoteric Buddhism, Christian Science in endless shades, Psychic-Phenomenism, all varieties of Spiritualisms, Theosophies, and denominations, etc., etc., ad infinitum. Since the death of Phillips Brooks and that "prince of preachers," Rev. A. J. Gordon, it is no easy thing, from the number of good preachers in Boston, to decide in an instant just which one to hear. Boston has several famous, historic old churches; but it was not her churches — it was her ministers — we were after today.

Probably the one man who is making himself most felt in New England religious life today, and especially in Boston, is

Rev. George A. Gordon, D. D., of the New Old South (Congregational) Church. He is the author of "Christ of Today." If not an epoch-making, it is an epoch-marking book, and one of the clearest, most philosophical and powerful works that present-day thinking has produced. To hear a chapter of the "Christ of Today" glowing hot from the author's heart, spoken by his tongue instead of by his pen, would be a rare treat indeed; and with this hope we turned down Boylston Street to the corner of Dartmouth, where the beautiful tower of New Old South rose in the air.

There is no more beautiful church in Boston than this. Trinity is grander; the First Baptist has some finer pieces of sculpture; the Central Congregational is more aspiring; but the richness, proportions and general effect of New Old South surpass any other in the city. It is a harmonious and an unusual blending of mosque and cathedral, richly ornate, but not in the least overdone.

We arrived a little early and were given a seat in the gallery within short range of the pulpit. The church is as pleasing within as it is outside, and while it is rich it is still plain and simple. The stained-glass windows and the natural wood of the pews and roof tempered the light to a pleasing mellowness, neither too bright nor too dark. Before the organ voluntary was finished the church was filled with from eight to ten hundred of the most intelligent, aristocratic people of the city. There was not a poorly-dressed person in the audience. Fully half the congregation were men, and the average age could not have been less than thirty-five.

There was little congregational singing — a mistake, we believe — no collection taken, and the only thing to mar the smoothness and solemnity of the service were the notices, over which the pastor stumbled with the result on the spirit of the congregation like that of frost on a bed of June flowers. There is nothing worshipful or sacramental about notices, and no amount of care and rhetoric can switch in the announcement of the "young ladies' sewing circle" and the "Wednesday night bean supper" between the Scripture lesson and the sermon with any other effect than that of a rear-end collision. May the day come when this secular bulletin shall be driven forever from the pulpit, and the sacred desk and the hour of worship no more be profaned with parish gossip!

The text was Acts 26: 19: "I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision," and for about thirty-five minutes, without manuscript or scrap of note, in a clear, logical and forcible talk he developed the philosophy of Paul's conversion — or "awakening," as he called it. Without any contextual introduction his first words exploded among his hearers like an intellectual bomb, and their attention was his instantly.

"Most men come into the world asleep," he began, "and they go through it asleep, and asleep they go out of it. They never wake up to any moral idea of life." Thus he continued to fire point-blank and at close range

throughout the entire discourse. His explosions were always startling and effective, though sometimes obscuring his enunciation. This was the secret of the power of his delivery. He rarely or never soared. He was dealing with the invisible, the infinite, the inspiration of all life, but he forced the lessons home with clear reasoning, apt illustration, quick, decisive, bodily movements, backed by a personal belief in the reality of their truths, which carried conviction with it.

"The best description of a great man," Dr. Gordon continued, "is to say that he is awake." Now Paul was awakened from his sleep by a heavenly vision, and it was done in three stages: 1. He made a discovery that the crucified Jesus who was dead and buried was really alive. Thus the invisible became to him the real. 2. He discovered that the invisible is the infinite. This vision was the message of God through Christ to Paul. Death has taken away the finite body, leaving the infinite personality of the Christ. 3. He woke to the fact that he could become a co-worker with this infinite spiritual Christ and his will was pressed into service. The sermon closed with a strong appeal to all to join with Christ in waking the sleeping world.

Rev. E. Winchester Donald, D. D.

Very few of Boston's representative churches have an afternoon service. Among the whole number, except some of the missions and people's temples, Trinity was the only one we could find where there was preaching. No one visiting Boston should miss a service in Trinity, by far the leading Episcopal Church in New England. It will not soon have another Brooks, but Dr. Donald is a splendid preacher, a man of deep piety and learning.

Trinity is doubtless the grandest church in the city. It is a magnificent pile of brown sandstone and granite, ivy-covered, with a massive central tower over two hundred feet high. It is almost gloomy within, but when lighted by the afternoon sun shining through the rich stained windows and by the wall-arranged lights within, it is solemn and uplifting indeed. The service is decidedly "low" and almost severe in its simplicity. The responsive readings were hurried through in the usual way — something we cannot bring ourselves to approve — but the singing and the sermon were all one could desire.

Dr. Donald is a man about fifty, of little more than medium height, with grayish hair and beard, clear-cut features, and a refined and scholarly face. The most striking thing about him is his rich, melodious voice. It was a luxury simply to listen to his full, musical tones, regardless of what he said. But his words had meaning. His text was Matthew 5: 30: "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off." He preached about twenty-five minutes, and said this cutting is to be done, not because the hand is intrinsically bad, but because it is inextricably bound up with what is evil. He then applied this to our daily life, showing how it is constantly necessary to be cutting off those things which, though good in themselves, tend to over-develop some parts at the cost of others, which tend to educate some faculties to the harm of others, which lead us to self-advancement to the disadvantage of our fellows, which lead us, however little, away from God.

The sermon was carefully prepared and spoken without manuscript in an easy, moderate yet earnest manner which held the attention of his hearers to the close.

Rev. Charles L. Goodell.

In the evening we attended Grace Methodist Episcopal Church on Temple Street and listened to a sermon of great spiritual power on "What is Conversion?" by the pastor, Rev. C. L. Goodell. The church is an admirable structure of bluish stone, situated in this rather densely populated locality, and stands for a magnificent work here. The house was well filled with probably six hundred people, with a goodly number of children and young people. It was an intelligent, well-dressed audience, characteristic of this part of the city.

Mr. Goodell needs little introduction to HERALD readers. He is a large man, square, broad, erect, with a large, strong face, dark brown hair combed directly back, and wears a heavy moustache. He is not over forty years old, we judge.

The audience-room of the church is finished in white and the walls in light browns and blue, giving a very cheerful, everyday effect, as if the church were used by people who were accustomed to worship God in His own pure daylight. The color was a relief after the darkened, unnatural lights of the other churches, and while detracting nothing from the solemnity of our feelings, it did add to their healthful joyousness and quickly brought us into a mood to enjoy the service.

The text was from John's Gospel, 3: 7: "Marvel not that I said unto thee, ye must be born again." With just a word about the Scripture, the speaker introduced his sermon with a story that caught the attention of his audience, and with this hold upon them he went rapidly on, developing his theme, illuminating by analogy and illustration, and clinching the truths by close argument. He spoke in a clear voice, and held more or less closely to his manuscript, but not so as to interfere with his delivery, though we believe that his sermon delivered without notes would have been even more effective.

His argument was this: 1. Conversion has a partial analogy in our physical and mental natures, as, for instance, in our change of views and the change of our likes and dislikes. 2. Such change in the physical world is seen in the transforming of lifeless, mineral substance into the plant life; so it is with fleshly man and the life of the spirit. 3. This change in man is absolutely necessary. It is not uncommon or unnatural. The soul arises out in vain for philosophies — there is no life in them. Only the chemistry of Calvary can change the earthly into the heavenly, the fleshly into the spiritual; nothing but a new affection can do this, the gift of Christ.

After the sermon we attended a testimony meeting in the vestry. It had been a grand day in Grace. Fifty-five persons had that morning united with the church as the harvest of last month's revival services. It was a blessed close to a day of joy and triumph to pastor and people, and a fitting one to our Sunday among the churches of Boston.



## THE CARLYLE CENTENARY.

Arthur Sherwell.

**I**T is a suggestive proof of the irresistible march of the modern spirit that we are able already to determine with tolerable accuracy the rightful place of Carlyle in modern letters and modern thought.

Judged by any and every test, he is distinctly the most impressive personality in the Victorian world of letters. If he did not absorb the deepest spirit of his age, at least on its positive and prophetic side, assuredly no one among his contemporaries absorbed so completely its unrest, or gives us such unerring clues to its storm and its din. A relentless hater of shams, gifted with an intellectual temperament that waged persistent war with his moral sympathies, impatient of poetry and art, his nature speedily became warped by the very strenuousness of his purpose, and thence sprang those real and inevitable limitations which after all afford the best clue both to the man and to the spirit of his age. It would be a mistake, a profound mistake, to judge Carlyle by the test that the late Mr. Froude, his friend and biographer, fixes for him; namely, the accuracy of his political predictions, his reading of the signs of his times. No man was ever more unfitted to be judged by so superficial a test. In the sense in which Mr. Froude would have us understand him, Carlyle was no prophet, and was constitutionally incapable of being one. He had little or no serenity of soul. He was haunted continually by spectral shapes and fears that made serenity of faith and the sense of proportion impossible to him. He saw the universe always plunging, eddying, careering towards everlasting anarchy and destruction, and popular movements were to him only the mad, blind plunges of humanity into the everlasting gulf and the yawning abysses. In this sense assuredly Carlyle was no prophet. His mind was intellectually undisciplined; his strength lay in the resistless energy of intense moral convictions, and in an almost infinite capacity for righteous indignation and scorn. He saw the powers of evil visibly clothed before him, and fought them with a relentless, uncompromising intensity that was characteristic of a man whose natural weapon was the hammer of Thor.

Indeed, Mr. Froude could hardly have invited us to a more unfortunate test, for Carlyle, if possessed of altogether unusual moral vehemence, was also possessed of a certain inexorable inflexibility of mental habit and bent that made it impossible for him to sympathize with the trend of popular opinion. Popular or "mass" movements were to him no more than the stupid and dangerous blunders of an ignorant Demos plunging blindly on to his own and everybody else's destruction. His enumeration of mankind in millions, "mostly fools," must not be taken too seriously, but none the less it is suggestive of his essentially feudal and individualistic point of view. His mental grasp, so swift to detect falsehoods and shams, and to pierce the depths of conventional lies, was nevertheless slow to recognize the latent "average" qualities of mankind, so that the democratic formula which instinctively recognizes those latent average qualities in the masses of the people was altogether beyond him. It was, indeed, no more to him than another of the nebulous intangibilities which he regarded with fierce abhorrence, and which he never tired of lashing with the irony of his grim and terrible humor. Of democracy as a scientific, and therefore superior, law of human progress he had absolutely no knowledge. His mind was built upon strong feudal lines, and his message was the feudal one of "rejection" rather than the democratic one of "acceptance." Feudalism with him, so far from being what the modern spirit recognizes it to have been, a necessary, and therefore invaluable, period of tutelage, was a final system, a permanent social and political philosophy.

To him a strong, commanding, concrete personality was everything. History was no more than a volume of biographies, a stage with a few commanding personalities — Fredericks, Cromwells, Luthers, Calvins, Goethes, Mirabeaus — the rest of mankind were merely supernumeraries. Personal force — that was his perpetual suggestion for the cure of social and political ills. He would save feudalism by reverting to its ideal, never recognizing the necessity for a new advance — an advance in ideas compelling an advance in régime. He persistently ignored what alone can be the aim of social and political development — the preparation and equipment of the people for ultimate self-government. To him the modern idea of social and political freedom was a dangerous illusion against which he had to throw himself with all the resources of his matchless strength. He had no faith in the collective wisdom of a community, nor in the trustworthiness of its collective moral instincts. The strong, commanding, personal force withdrawn, he saw only the rocks of anarchy and destruction. He never saw that permanent social progress demands such an uplifting of the average of a nation as shall ultimately deliver it from the tutelage of the strong personality and set it free to work out its own spiritual destiny. Of the essential principle of democracy, indeed, he had really no grasp. It was all ballot-boxes and Parliament palaverings to him. That which is of the essence of democracy — the serious, solemn conviction that the great desideratum, the vital necessity, is not the single wise man, but the elevation of the entire community in wisdom and in moral strength — he never grasped at all. He never saw that democracy is really an instinct, an instinct of faith in

average humanity; that it has its machinery, naturally and inevitably, but only as a means to an end, and never to be confounded with the end itself.

If Carlyle could have broken his intellectual fetters, if he could have snapped the chains and prejudices of feudalism, and transplanted himself into the atmosphere of the new democratic régime, he might have found in the virtual rule of the wise of the community, which is a sure and incontestable historic fact, the democratic equivalent for his concrete personality. But this was more than he could do. He had what Massini once called the "instinctive presentiments" of the new epoch, but he had not the mental flexibility to welcome it.

But his failure to grasp the democratic principle was really due to a deeper cause, which has so far only been suggested. Truth was only real to him so far as it was related to action. Abstractions and formulas he heartily despised. He saw everything actively and positively. The real and the concrete were his native spheres. "My erudite friend, the astonishing intellect that occupies itself in splitting hairs, and not in twisting some kind of cordage and effectual draught-tackle to take the road with, is not to me the most astonishing of intellects." The transcendentalism of Emerson irritates him. "Alas! it is so easy to screw one's self up into high and even higher altitudes of transcendentalism, . . . but whither does it lead? I dread always, to inanity, and mere injuring of the lungs." "I will have all things condense themselves, take shape and body, if they are to have my sympathy; I have a body myself: in the brown leaf, sport of the autumn winds, I find what mocks all prophesying, even Hebrew ones." In that last sentence he gives us the clue to the interpretation of himself. He is not a philosopher, but a wilderness prophet, with the "inexorable conscience" and deficiency in mental serenity of his kind. A fearless, incessant preacher of objective righteousness, possessed of a power, altogether unique in modern letters, of detaining and detaching shams and falsehoods, dragging them away from their historic and conventional associations and pouring upon them the fierce light of a powerful and lurid imagination. In his province he has no equal in modern literature.

What he lacked was a strong, clear sense of an underlying unity in life as in nature. He saw only contradictions and failures, and was haunted continually by the grim spectre of impending disaster. If he could have realized the unpugnable sanity that runs through the general scheme of things, his philosophy would have gained in calm faith what it certainly would have lost in querulousness and morbid pessimism. He did not see, what it would have been his salvation to see, beneath the sham, the falsehood, the apparent unreality, the "hidden warp and weft" that exists deep down at the bottom of things as a great and precious fact of permanent genuineness and beauty. He lived too much in the past. That simple consciousness of the future which is the real inspiration, the motive power, of progress, lay outside his intellectual range. He never absorbed the modern, but saw it only in the processes of disintegration and apparent destruction. He had not the true prophet's vision of the "new heavens and the new earth."

And yet, when all is said and allowed for, the incontestable fact remains that his influence was by far the most powerful in the world of letters in his day. Alike in his personality, moral intensity and convictions, he has riveted himself permanently upon the thought of the century, and proved himself one of its greatest and deepest inspirational forces. The paradox is easily explained. Carlyle was conspicuously of those whose souls are mastered by deeper inspirations than their own minds grasp and formulate. The modern spirit had seized him against his knowledge and against his will in its invigorating and all-compelling grasp, and it led him by ways that he knew not. He started questions whose answers led further, and in other directions, than he suffered himself to go, and in his own unconscious and undeliberate influence he gives us the curious spectacle of the democratic spirit filtering by paradoxes and contradictions through a feudal mind. He riddled with pitiless questions, and with all the resources of his terrible irony, the miserable spirit of *laissez faire*, and, himself the apostle of feudalism, he was in all his books a fierce, unanswerable protest against its results.

We can forgive him much, even where we most differ from him, for this. It was in itself a great and priceless gift, and it makes a lasting claim upon our gratitude and affection. In the light of this deeper and truer view of his message, much that otherwise perplexes us disappears from our view. We lose sight of the venomous, vituperative Carlyle, the merciless coiner of stinging epithets. We see only a man in the depths of whose soul lay over a great pity which his restless and unquenchable moral intensity too often obscured. We come to see that much of his alleged contempt for mankind was the sorrow of a vivid idealism whose characteristic deficiency was a lack of practical insight and of historic discrimination and patience.

He confounds us sometimes with his immensities and Eternities and Abysses, but he unerringly grasps the eternal antitheses: God — devil; heaven — hell; veracity — falsehood;

righteousness — injustice; and makes them as real to his readers as they were to himself. A teacher who in this way touches the springs of moral conviction, and causes them to flow out again in fresh, pure streams of moral energy, is a priceless gift to his day and generation. — *Methodist Times* (London).

## MICHIGAN LETTER.

"N'importe."

SOME months have passed since "N'importe" has taken his pen in hand to tell the HERALD what is doing in this "neck o' the woods" of Michigan. The Conferences have been held since then, and Bishop Hurst was with us and without "leave or license" presented the American University to the preachers and proceeded forthwith to put his episcopal persuasion upon them, and with the aid of Chaplain McCabe — who just happened to be present at that particular time — secured pledges from the preachers well up to \$10,000 in both Conferences. The money was pledged, but it came not with the best of grace, for our own college is in "hard lines" and many thought a collection from the presiding Bishop for his own pet plan was not in good taste. But the work of the Bishop, so far as the appointments go, seems to bear the impress of good judgment, albeit several young men were advanced to the front rank and some pinching resulted therefrom. In Michigan Conference Craig, Maveety, and F. L. Thompson were sent to the first churches of Albion, Jackson and Lansing, and reports come that they are doing first-class work; and we would expect it, for they are first-class young men. Maveety has for several years been the Michigan Conference secretary, and his popularity was declared in his election to General Conference by a very large vote.

The new man at Central, Detroit — Thoburn — is fitting in well and pushing the interests of this great church, which is now becoming a "down town" church, with the current of population flowing outward from it. He must be a strong man who can "hold the fort" at Central.

From far across the plains has come the "call" to one of our bright young men. And "on to Pike's Peak" will be the legend attached to Dr. Coburn's goods after next Conference, with a stop-over at Trinity, Denver, if the Bishops concur. Dr. Coburn is closing his term at Ann Arbor, and an invitation to him to some leading church outside the State was anticipated by his friends. He will go to Trinity, so they say, with the privilege of going to London for several months to gather in the British Museum the wherewithal for the completion of his commentary on Ezekiel and Daniel in the Whedon series.

Revivals in Michigan? Well, some, but not many. Churches dedicated? Some, but not many. Calamities? Not any.

Revival meetings are now in progress which began at the Week of Prayer, and reports are creeping in of gracious awakenings and many conversions in places both east and west of the principal metropolis.

The hard times of two years back have made things temporal difficult of advancement, and so not many churches have been built, not many "improvements" have been made. St. John's has done it, though, in spite of financial depression, and dedicated a \$20,000 church — "the finest in the Conference," as the saying is. This is a splendid achievement for one of our smaller towns.

What an honor and privilege it is to be a presiding elder! "This is the way I long have sought" for many of the brethren, and those who are there are the favored few. But there are some presiding elders who wish they weren't over in the Michigan Conference. Our Michigan Conference presiding elders are dignified brethren and very jealous for the future of Methodism, and want to lift the standard of pulpit supply. They really thought there should be some improvement in the intellectual standard, and whereas the Conference is very full and it is hard work for them suitably to provide for the men they now have, and whereas numerous new men are knocking at our doors, these said presiding elders met in session a few weeks ago and passed a solemn resolution that each presiding elder should recommend but one man only for admission at next Conference, unless

perchance some elder might need more than one for his district work; then he might recommend an additional one or two. All this was quite ordinary and would not have attracted much attention, probably, had not those sub-episcopoi appended to their resolution the provision that every man recommended should possess a college education or an equivalent thereto. That was the stinger end of the resolution, which brought down upon the devoted heads of these guardians of the church wrath and righteous indignation. The columns of the Michigan Advocate have been congested with articles long and short, witty and wise and commonplace, from men of degree and no degree, wherein the vials of wrath have been poured out on those "usurpers" and "assumers of authority" and "violators of discipline." Young men just starting in the ministry have seized the quill to ask, —

"Upon what meat do these Cassars feed that they assume so much?"

And others, longer in service, have raised also their protests, many and frequent, until Dr. Potts has cried for quite. And there is a great calm, while that presiding elders' resolution is still on the record — unscinded.

It is Bishop Keener, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, who is reported to have said recently, while presiding at the session of a Conference: "The pulpit is the key of the position. Unless you guard that, you lose all. Before an angel would make the professions which some men make, he would balance himself on both wings. Mr. Wesley had to get rid of the Moravians, Calvinists and Maxfield, and four hundred more, in order to preserve the connectionalism of Methodism."



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## DREW IN WINTER.

[Continued from Page 8.]

another most welcome token that our metropolitan laymen believe in the future of the Methodist ministry, as well as in its past.

A fascinating section of that coming ministry the writer had a highly-prized opportunity to look in the face, as they were gathered in the Chapel. What more vitalizing inspiration could any lecturer or teacher gain than that which surges up from such a collection of human faces?

It was pathetic to see the empty chair from which Dr. Miley only a few weeks before had spoken his last public words, in a lecture on the good angels of God. It was also saddening to note that Dr. Crooks' library door was locked, and to learn that infirm health still postpones the time of his return from England. It was reassuring, however, to reflect that the church is rich enough in scholars to simplify the problem of the temporary supply of these high posts of instruction. All friends of ministerial education await with serious concern the announcement of the name of Dr. Miley's permanent successor, and will as earnestly cherish the hope that when the new school year opens next fall, Dr. Crooks may be found in his accustomed place.

The writer saw not a few indications which prove that the new professors, Drs. Rogers and Sitterly, are prosecuting their work with vigor and trained intelligence, after the fashion set them by colleagues who have been longer on the ground. The stalwart figure of President Butts, silhouetted against the snowy background made by the campus, as he said his good by and sent his messages of love to his Boston colleagues, makes a picture not likely to fade. If they ever think to turn the "kathode ray" upon this man, his heart will reveal the purity which qualifies one to see God.

Boston University School of Theology.

## The N. H. Law and Order League.

Rev. D. C. Babcock, D. D.

A FEW words of explanation are due to my brethren of the New Hampshire Conference and to me, regarding my relations to the above-named Society. I have not taken my "appointment" into my own hands for the year to come, nor in any way left the work assigned to me.

On the 17th of January, Rev. Ralph Gilliam and Mr. Chas. L. Estey began a series of evangelistic services with the Free Baptist and Methodist Episcopal Churches of Whitefield, for which we had made most careful preparation. They left us on the 28th with the care of more than two hundred persons who have said, "I desire henceforth to lead a Christian life."

It is joyful news that the pastors and churches of this town are now trying to render to God in the care of those souls. Those brethren, though themselves young in the Christian life, have made a good record with us, as they did in Lisbon a year ago, and our prayer is that God will bless their labors even more abundantly in days to come.

The "N. H. Law and Order League" was organized at Concord, Jan. 22, 1891. Two members of its executive committee and several members of the New Hampshire Conference expressed the hope that I would consent to the use of my name as secretary. I did not then, nor do I now, desire to assume the responsibility of that office. That it is important Christian work, in which a Christian minister may engage with no violation of his ministerial obligations, I do not question. That a minister is needed for the post will be conceded by all who carefully consider the nature of the work that needs to be done.

But conceding the necessity for the work, and saying, "God bless you, my brethren," will not enable any man to do effective service for God and humanity in that field. Our churches have about all they can carry now, and if it is my duty, or the duty of any other clergyman, to take up this work, it is equally the duty of several other men to see that he is so fixed that he need not worry about his own material support, and that he may be able to plan a four or five years' campaign against that modern "sum of all villainies," with the assurance of hearty cooperation from all good people.

It may be that there are a few more men like ex-Gov. David H. Goodell and Hon. D. C. Remick, whose interest in the cause will lead them to give for it both time and money, as those men have done the past two years. If so, the work can go on with such additional aid as the churches and people will cheerfully render. I have consented to hold the office of secretary and treasurer till April, without salary, and to attend to its correspondence. Meantime the friends of the cause will determine what is best, and the brethren with whom I am associated in Conference relations can have time to consider whether I am more needed in that special field than in the regular work which a Bishop must assign me unless they ask him to give my special work.

The notice that has been sent to all pastors in New Hampshire saying that my address will be Concord after May 1, did not emanate from me. It came from an officer in the League who does not fully understand our economy; but as it was in print and ready to mail before I saw it, I let it go.

The laws advertised in that note should be in the hands of every clergyman, and many others. They will be accessible at the "Ministerial Conference" to be held at Concord, Feb. 20, which every New Hampshire minister should plan to attend.

The thirty odd columns of free advertising given to our State Law and Order League by the Boston Herald, Jan. 8-16, did not create the sensation in this State that was claimed. The animus of that assault is well understood all over New England. Three months later it might have done some injury to our cause. But now it has "fallen out to the furtherance" of the society it was intended to smite. The attempt to show that a Protective Liquor League, secretly organized late in 1894, has had any connection whatever with the N. H. Law and Order League, or with any one of its officers, has thus far been a flat failure, and left the Boston Herald in bad odor among all the good people of New Hampshire.

We are under no sort of obligation to go hunting after, "It is said," "It is alleged," "It is maintained," "It is declared," etc., etc. Any real charge against any person who is or has been an officer or agent of the N. H. L. O. will receive our attention; but the attempt to make out, by innuendo, that those photographed letters from "the League," or the "Protective Association," came in any

way from the New Hampshire Law and Order League, ought to show every one that the rum power resorts to very objectionable methods in defense of its wicked work.

But good organizations are not killed in that way. What our "friends the enemy" desire to destroy will show a more vigorous life in the future than it has in the past, and many who have known hitherto but little of its work in the past will come to its support, with the assurance that society needs an organization that liquor dealers want to kill.

Whitefield, N. H.

## LUCY BOWKER WHITTIER.

MOTHER WHITTIER, who has just passed her 80th milestone, was born in Scituate, Mass., Feb. 11, 1810, the daughter of Warren and Rebecca (Crosswell) Bowker. On her mother's side her ancestry dates back to the "Mayflower," and she is in every respect a representative New Englander. Shortly after her birth her parents removed to Boston and resided at



Lucy Bowker Whittier.

the North End, which at that time wore a far different aspect than at present. The family attended church in "Methodist Alley," and adhered rigidly to the strictness of that sect in dress and customs. In this church their daughter Lucy, the subject of this sketch, was converted at sixteen years of age, and for seventy years has continued a devout follower of the faith of Wesley.

She was present when Rev. Stephen Mansfield delivered the dedicatory sermon at North Bennet St. Church on the text, 1 Chron. 28: 9. Afterward she joined Bromfield St. Church. She attended the dedication of Church St. Church, July 4, 1834, and in '37 joined that society, and, with a few years' interruption, has continued a member through all its vicissitudes until the present day, when it is known as People's Temple.

It was her pleasure to hear many of the prominent preachers of the day. Bishop Hedding, Rev. J. N. Maffit, Rev. George Sutherland, Rev. Timothy Mazzitti, Rev. Bartholomew Otherman, and Charles and Stephen Allen, of Maine, were some of her earlier pastors. Father Taylor, the sailor preacher, was a frequent visitor at the Bowker home, and received much of his early education from her sister Caroline (afterwards the wife of Uncle Cook). Among the later pastors whom she holds in cherished remembrance are Rev. I. J. P. Collyer, Bishop Gilbert Haven, Dr. George M. Steele, Bishop W. F. Mallalieu, Dr. J. W. Hamilton and Rev. Charles E. Davis.

In 1837 she married True G. Whittier, who at that time led the singing at Church St. Church. Fifty-five years they spent together, and their home was blessed with seven children, five of whom are now living. The first few years they resided in Vienna, Me., Mr. Whittier's birthplace and home, then for a number of years at Farmington, Me.; but the rest of her life she has spent in Boston, so dear to her, and so full of memories and associations which she readily recalls. It was in Mrs. Whittier's girlhood that the noble Lafayette visited our shores, and the procession in his honor passed her home on Salem St. Cows were pastured on the Common, and there were but two houses on Noddle's Island (East Boston), and one reached them by a row-boat.

For over fifty years Mrs. Whittier has been a constant and careful reader of ZION'S HERALD, and still awaits its arrival week by week with unabated interest. Poetry and prose receive her ardent consideration, for literature has been the recreation of her life. Even now she can repeat the choicest portions of "Paradise Lost," many a fine passage from Shakespeare, and numerous songs from the lesser classics. But the Bible is her unfailing source of inspiration. Daily, hourly, while her life slips by, she rests upon the promises, having fulfilled so many of their conditions. Her spiritual life has been

one of singular devotedness and success. Now she sits in the western sunlight, and

"Time lays his hand upon her heart gently, not smiting it.

But as a harper lays his open hand upon his harp to deute its vibrations."

## The Conferences.

## Vermont Conference.

Montpelier District.

W. H. M. S.—A meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of Montpelier District was held in Trinity Church, Montpelier, Jan. 22 and 23. Thursday's services were opened by a prayer meeting led by Mrs. P. L. Beaman. The address of welcome was given by Mrs. Webb, the Conference president, followed by a welcome by Mrs. Beaman in behalf of the W. H. M. S. These were responded to by Mrs. Altha Richmond. Reports, excellent and instructive papers, etc., interspersed with appropriate Gospel songs, followed. All the numbers of the full and interesting program were treated. The subjects treated in the papers were: "Mothers' Jewels" Home," "Alaska," "Who is My Neighbor?" "Systematic Giving," "An Ideal Member of the W. H. M. S.," "How Home and Foreign Missions Help Each Other," "Our Deaconess Work," "The Imperative Needs in Home Missionary Work," "Industrial or Wholly Intellectual Training for the Boys and Girls in our Schools." Mrs. Davenport's paper, "Who is My Neighbor?" was in form a poem, and was so pleasing that she was requested to send it to Woman's Home Missions for publication. Resolutions were adopted to the effect that we put the spirit of the meeting into our lives and into more prayerful and active work for our beloved society; that we extend thanks to the people of Montpelier for their kind hospitality; that we seek to promote the interests of the work by encouraging the organization of reading circles and circulating our missionary literature. A standing vote of thanks was extended to Mrs. Forrest, the district president, for her efforts in arranging so fine a program.

MRS. MCGLAUGLIN, Sec. pres. iem.

St. Johnsbury District.

DEAR BRETHREN OF THE ST. JOHNSBURY DISTRICT: You have done nobly in the past year in raising the benevolent moneys. But appeals come from headquarters for us to do a little better this year, especially in the collections for Missions and General Conference expenses. For the former Chaplain McCabe says that last year our district came within \$61 of the million-and-a-half line. Let us go by that line this year. We can do it if every pastor will push a little harder. Let us see that the amount apportioned to our district for General Conference expenses is fully met. A revival on every charge and all our benevolent apportionments fully met, should be our watchword.

The work goes finely on the district. A large number of pastors are engaged in revival services, and are seeing good results. At Newport Centre Rev. W. J. McNeil is pushing the work. He has had the help of the deacons for five or six weeks, and about seventy conversions are reported. Hardwick, Albion, Irasburgh, Coventry, Westfield, Newport Centre, Barton Landing, Evansville, St. Johnsbury Centre, St. Johnsbury, Danville, Peacham, Newbury, Greensboro, West Burke, Sheffield, Glover, and Groton charges have had their fourth quarterly conferences, and unanimous invitations were extended to the pastors to return for another year.

J. HAMILTON.

The sub-district convention of the St. Johnsbury District Epworth League was held at West Concord, Jan. 21. Rev. I. P. Chase, the district president, presided. The meeting was full of interest and profit to all, the papers being especially practical, earnest and helpful. The address, "Dangers and Safeguards of Youth," by Rev. Thomas Tyrie, was grand and inspiring, lifting all nearer our ideal. Every one present could go out better fitted to lead a pure and noble life after hearing his words. The convention was a most profitable and enjoyable one for all.

JENNIE P. RANNEY, Sec.

St. Albans District.

ISLE LA MOTTE.—On Jan. 22, Evangelist Frank Willock, of the New England Evangelical Association, commenced a series of meetings in the M. E. Church, and on Feb. 3 there were sixty-two persons who had manifested the purpose to live a Christian life. It is many years since this island has been so deeply stirred by the power of God. On Feb. 4 there were six additional conversions, and 22 were baptized. All this has been accomplished with a Protestant population of about 250. At the last quarterly

(Continued on Page 12.)

## ONLY RUN DOWN.

## Many People Complain of Being Out of Order.

## By No Means Sick, But They Don't Feel Just Right.

## Are Weak, Nervous, Tire Easily and Work Is an Effort.

There are numberless people who do not call themselves sick, and yet who feel weak, nervous, languid or tired; they have lost their vim, power of endurance, and ambition to work. They feel miserable, not because they are actually sick, but because they are not well.

People complain that they are weak, nervous, tired and exhausted; that they have a poor or variable appetite, no strength, no nerve; they become irritable, cross, blue and discouraged. In some cases there are pains and aches in various parts of the body, and there is often indigestion, dyspepsia, belching of wind, dull, cloudy head, and general dispirited feeling. Sleepless, restless, wakeful nights follow. The brain tires easily and there may be a tendency to drowsiness during the day. Neglect of these symptoms results in excessive nervous prostration or paralysis, with numbness, trembling, cold feet and legs, prickling sensation and weakness and weariness of the limbs.



MISS BERTHA A. ELMER.

Look to the symptoms in time, nervous sufferers, to avert the dread results. Do as did Miss Bertha A. Elmer, of Etma, N. H., who says:

"About two years ago last fall I was obliged to leave off work on account of ill health. The doctor told me I had overworked. I suffered from severe headaches and grew so poor and pale that people told me if my eyes were closed they would believe me dead.

"My nerves seemed all unstrung. I suffered in this way all winter, and there was nothing that seemed to help me. At last my mother persuaded me to try Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. I took one bottle and that helped me, and I decided to try another. I took three bottles in all, after which I was as well, or even better than I had ever been before.

"Please publish this testimonial if it would be likely to help others, for I feel sure Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy saved my life."

Remember that this marvelous medicine, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy will make you strong and well; that it is the discovery of the successful specialist in nervous and chronic diseases, Dr. Greene, of 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., who can always be consulted without charge, personally or by letter, in regard to the action of the medicine. Try it; you will not regret it.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROUBLES" are unrivaled for relieving Coughs, Hoarseness, and all Throat Troubles. Sold only in boxes.

## CHURCH REMODELING.

THOMAS W. SHILLWAY, Church Architect, No. 10 Park Sq., Room 6, Opp. Prov. R. R. Station.

Mr. Shillway's long practice in remodeling churches enables him to save and utilize all the valuable parts of an edifice, and for a comparatively small outlay produces a building preferable in most respects to a new one of much greater cost. He proposes to continue this work as a specialty, and tender his services to committees who would practice economy, and where the means are limited, to the premises will be made, and an opinion and advice given. No remittance or deposit required.

## The Lawton Simplex Printer

saves time and labor; money too—  
100 letters, postal cards,

copies of music, drawings, or typewritten copy, in almost no time, and exact copies at that, by using the Lawton Simplex. Requires no washing or cleaning, and saves its cost over and again in sending out notices. Costs but little (\$3 to \$10).

CAUTION.—Other things are being made and called Simplex Printers. The only way to be sure of getting the genuine is to see that yours is the Lawton Simplex Printer. Send for circulars. Agents wanted.

LAWTON & CO., 10 Vesey St., New York.



Received  
Highest Awards  
At World's Fair.

After sickness, take Ayer's Saraparilla.



A BELL'S  
Folsom, Pa.  
BELL FOUNDRY CO., Northville, Mich.

### The Conferences.

(Continued from Page 12.)

conference a unanimous invitation was extended the pastor, Rev. C. W. Ross, to return for the third year.

### Maine Conference.

#### Augusta District.

**Kingfield.** — This little church, having suffered great losses, trials and afflictions, still survives, with some signs of encouragement. The pastor, Rev. J. W. Jordan, has the confidence of the people. The congregations are good, and the Sunday-school is increasing in numbers and interest.

**Strong.** — Great harmony prevails. The pastor, Rev. C. E. Jones, and people are each appreciative of the other. The class and Sunday-school are prospering, and the Epworth League has gained in numbers and efficiency of late.

**Phillips.** — This church has probably never been in better condition than now. The Junior League numbers over seventy and holds very enthusiastic meetings. The Week of Prayer was observed by the churches uniting, and the interest increased as the meetings progressed. The signs are favorable for revival meetings and soul-saving.

**Farmington.** — The annual church reunion was held, Jan. 15. A sumptuous dinner was served at noon in the vestry, after which singing and greeting of friends continued until the church-roll was called by the pastor, Rev. W. B. Dukeshire, and responded to by members present. In several cases letters were read from those absent. Some of the former pastors sent congratulatory letters. The culmination of interest was reached when a letter from the last pastor, Rev. J. R. Clifford, was read, stating that on the Friday evening before twins (son and daughter) had come to gladden his home. The services closed about 4 o'clock. All felt it good to be there. Church bonds are strengthened by such gatherings.

**Livermore Falls.** — This church has probably never been in so thriving a condition as now. The church property has been greatly improved. The attendance on all the services has increased, and there has been a marked gain in the enthusiasm of the people, especially in the social meetings. The pastor, Rev. C. A. Southard, has inspired the church with confidence, and success follows in the line of wise planning and hard work.

**Livermore and Hartford.** — The revival that has been in progress during the present pastorate still continues on the increase, without the help of any evangelist. During this time 250 have professed conversion. Almost an

**\$250.00  
FOR 4  
FLOWER BEDS.**

The following is the greatest collection ever offered for vegetable gardens, and may be had for \$1.00 per person who grows the largest number of colors from us; \$75 to second; \$50 to third; \$25 to fourth; and \$20 to fifth. It is a surety, however, to make a very interesting flower bed.

1 pt. Alice Pansy—all colors mixed, simply grand.  
1 pt. Phlox—large mixed, all colors, very colorful.  
1 pt. Sweet Peas—large mixed, 20 kinds, all colors.  
1 pt. Chinese Pinks—mixed colors, hardy and very showy.  
1 pt. Petunia—all colors, makes a gorgeous show.  
1 pt. Poppy—mixed, a wonderful show.  
1 pt. Wallflower—all kinds to be found; fragrant.  
1 pt. Chrysanthemum—all choices kinds—very choice.  
1 pt. Everlasting Flowers—all colors. Flowers kept for yrs.  
1 pt. Sweet Peas—large mixed, all colors.  
2 bats. Bindweed, one each of White, Pink, Scarlet, Variegated.  
2 bats. Gladioli, many mixed, lovely and very colorful.  
2 bats. Gloriosa—Lily of the Valley, all pretty colors.  
2 bats. Oxalis—sure to bloom—lovely color for borders.  
These 10 pts. of seed and 15 choice bulbs (worth \$1.00), will all cover a large garden, and will be a great success. I will send them with my 1896 catalogue, Fancy Calendar, full instructions for prices and how to get the most colors, for 25 cents (U.S. or M.O.). Order at once, and you will be more than satisfied. Address, "The Flower Bed," or "The Flower Queen," "Cupid" Sweet Peas, the floral wonder, from each order.

F. H. MILLER, Box 141, HOPE HILL, N. Y.

**WHERE?**

Write Gaze where and when you wish to Travel—by Land or Water—Spring or Summer. Tickets issued for Independent Travel Everywhere. Choice Berths on all Steamships—no extra cost. See Tourist Gazette (by mail 10 cts.), and Save Money. State your wants and receive information Free Address HENRY GAZE & SONS, Ltd., Universal Tourist Agents, 115 Broadway, N.Y.; 201 Washington St., Boston; 220 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.; 124 S. Fifth St., Philadelphia.

**WHEN?**

### New Book for Agents.

One thousand men and women wanted at once to canvass for a new book of general interest which will be especially popular during this Presidential year.

It is handsomely bound, finely illustrated, moderate in price and will surely sell in every community.

A grand chance to earn money easily right at home. Write at once for full particulars.

S. S. SCRANTON & CO., Publishers,  
Hartford, Conn.

**EASTER MUSIC**

"Messiah Victorious," prepared by J. E. Hall, is a fine Service containing Responsive Readings, interspersed with appropriate songs. Price, 5 cents per single copy.

"Easter Selections," Series G, for 1896, contain by a set of selected Responsive Readings. Price, 5 cents per single copy.

**A Special Circular**  
Containing a list of our large and varied stock of music for Easter will be sent free on application.

The new music for 1896 is very fine, including in addition to the two publications above named, splendid solos and duets, and fine anthem for the choir.

**CANTATAS FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.**  
Flower Praise (20c). Festival of the Flowers (20c). Under the Palms (20c).

The Musical Visitor for March will contain a supplement of Easter anthems. Price, 15 cents.

**THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY, CINCINNATI, NEW YORK, CHICAGO.**

entire new church has been formed at Hartford, and now the same thing seems to be in the process of accomplishment at North Turner. Since the third quarterly conference 30 have given good evidence of a change of heart, and 22 have received on probation. As this is Rev. C. A. Brooks' first charge, he has kept up his Conference studies in connection with his church work. What would seem to be an impossibility for any man has actually been accomplished by him.

#### Lewiston District.

**North Auburn and Turner.** — The pastor, Rev. J. T. McBean, has held large and appreciative audiences. At North Auburn a young people's literary society of about twenty members is organized and at work. Mr. McBean recently delivered a temperance lecture at Monmouth Congregational Church, under the auspices of the local W. C. T. U., which received merited commendation.

**Auburn.** — Union evangelistic services began Feb. 1, conducted by Evangelist Gale. Rev. E. S. Stockdale's return for the third year is requested by the unanimous vote of the official board of High St. Church.

**Berlin, N. H.** — Rev. F. C. Potter is doing heroic work here. The Epworth League renders

(Continued on Page 16.)

#### A Chance to Make Money.

It seems strange that people will not improve their opportunities; they will want to get rich, but have no strong ambition to succeed. Believe me, any man or woman can clear \$10 a day in the Diaz system, but as it is just booming now; but not one in 100 has pushed enough to enter the field and reap the harvest. I have been in the business over a year, and have cleared over \$100 a day, without canvassing any. I have examined all the Diaz systems, and find the Diaz system equal to the Climax Mfg. Co., Columbus, Ohio, and they will tell you how to proceed, and you can do well in city or country, as every family wants a Climax Dish Washer. When we know of opportunities like this, it is duty to inform others, as this is a chance for all to make money honestly and easily.

### Church Register.

#### HERALD CALENDAR.

N. Bedford Dis. Min. Assn., Gracie Ch., Taunton, Feb. 17, 18  
Norwich Dist. Min. Assn., at Jewett City, Feb. 17, 18  
Bucksport Dis. Min. Assn. (E. Div.), Whiting, Feb. 17, 18  
Bucksport Dis. Min. Assn. (W. Div.), Ellsworth, Feb. 17-19  
Maine Dis. Pr. Mtg. and Ep. League Rally, Feb. 24-25  
at Newport, N. H.  
Bangor Dis. Min. Assn. at Brownsville, Feb. 24-25

**CONFERENCE.** PLACE TIME BISHOP.  
New Eng. South'n, Fall River, Mass., April 1, Foster  
New York East, New Haven, Conn., " Merrill  
New York, New York city, " Minde  
New Hampshire, Lawrence, Mass., " Fowler  
Maine, Auburn, Me., " Merrill  
New England, Springfield, Mass., " Foss  
Vermont, Barre, Vt., " Fowler  
East Maine, Oldtown, Me., " Merrill  
Gloverville, N. Y., " Fowler

Feb. 24-25  
Feb. 24-25

W. H. M. S. ATTENTION! — King Home, Marshall, Texas, Miss E. O. Elliott, superintendent, calls for books to aid in his work. Old school books and old Sunday school lesson books cannot be used. Second-hand Sunday school library books and books of general literature will be very acceptable. If auxiliaries will please collect in their localities, mark plainly, and deliver to Miss Sarah L. Meeker, 38 Bromfield St., they will be forwarded without further trouble or expense.

Mrs. P. FLICKNER BARBER, | Comm.  
Miss MATTIE B. COOPER, |

#### For Sale.

An unusual opportunity is afforded any society that is thinking of building or reseating a church about 40 x 18.

The Newton M. E. Church has fifty-six pews, chestnut, black walnut trimmed; thirteen gothic arch top stained glass windows, interior (chestnut) finish, and organ which they will sell at a great bargain for immediate removal. Address,

A. S. WEED,  
Publisher Zion's Herald, Boston.

**BOSTON PREACHERS' MEETING.** — Rev. W. A. Spencer, D. D., secretary of the Church Extension Society, will address the Preachers' Meeting on Monday, Feb. 17.

### Business Notices.

READ the last column on the 15th page for announcement of the latest publications of the Methodist Book Concern.

#### For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. WILLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, relieves the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

**BUCKSPORT DISTRICT (WESTERN) MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION.** — The winter session will be held at Ellsworth, Feb. 17-19.

#### PROGRAM.

Sermons, Monday, 7 p. m., E. J. Wyckoff, alt., A. H. Hanscom; Tuesday, 2 p. m., A. J. Lockhart, alt., Charles Rogers; T. J. T. Orsby, alt., J. A. Weed; Wednesday, 2 p. m., J. T. Richardson, alt., G. M. Bailey; 7, lecture, "Golden Opportunities," J. M. Frost. Prayer-meeting, Tuesday, 9 a. m., led by David Smith; Wednesday, 9 a. m., led by J. P. Simonton. ESSAYS AND DISCUSSIONS: Is there a Lack of Piety in the Churches? If so, the Cause. Campbell, Hanscom, Morse; Do we Sufficiently Emphasize the Necessity of Conversion? Urosby, Rogers, Butterfield; The Holy Spirit in Revivals, Lockhart, Lyons, Kearney; Is there a Substitute for or any Improvement upon the Old Methodist Plan of Personal Salvation? Simonton, Smith, Brewster; Why so Small a Proportion of Men in the Church and Congregation of Today? Tribon, Chase, Belcher, Capshaw; Should we Ministers not Do More Sunday Evening Preaching? Richardson, Wyckoff, Reader; Conditions of Success in Sunday-school Work, Lombard, McGraw, Bailey; Church Finance (a) Principles and Methods, Weed, Powlesland; (b) Local Interests &c. Benevolences, Norton, Wharf.

It is hoped that every member of the Association will come Monday and remain during the entire session.

Write the pastor at Ellsworth when and how you will come.

I. H. W. WHARFF, | H. C. COM.  
J. A. WEED, |  
A. H. HANSOM, |

Ellsworth, Maine.

If you would always be healthy, keep your blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla, the One True Blood Purifier.

### Marriages.

**BENT** — In Reading, Jan. 20, by Rev. Seth C. Cary, pastor of the Old South M. E. Church, George W. Bent, of Boston, and Elizabeth Wilson, of Reading.

**SUMNER** — **CAMPBELL** — In Jamaica Plain, Mass., Jan. 20, by Rev. A. W. L. Nease, Roger S. Sumner and Tillie Campbell, both of Boston.

**STEVENS** — **RUGG** — In Norway, Me., Feb. 6, by Rev. P. Groves, Howard E. Stevens and Gertrude E. Rugg, both of Norway.

**WEBBER** — **CURRIE** — In Chesterville, Me., Feb. 1, at the home of the bride's father, Levi F. Currier, by Rev. E. Gerry, Otto L. Webber and Levianna L. Currier, both of Chesterville.

**GORDON** — **STINCHFIELD** — In Mt. Vernon, Me., Feb. 4, at the M. E. Church, by Rev. E. Gerry, Irving Gordon, of Mt. Vernon, and Cora L. Stinchfield, of Southboro, Mass.

**DRACONESS HOSPITAL.** — Owing to the unpleasant weather on the day the Hospital was dedicated, many of our friends were unable to be present. Those who have not yet visited it, but desire to do so (and we hope all will), are reminded that the sooner they come the better it will be, as patients have already been received.

MARY E. LUNN,  
Sup't. Deaconess Home.

Money Letters from Feb. 3 to 10.

N. C. Algers, Miss Lucy Allen, W. H. Adams, L. M. Bent, Mrs. S. B. Brigham, J. E. Baker, J. M. Brewster, L. B. Bixby, John Brown, Mrs. J. W. Baker, J. B. Bowes, J. G. Brown, C. O. Bragdon, C. E. Beale, J. A. Cass, H. W. Colley, Mrs. R. A. Cobb, I. V. Cobleigh, C. S. Cummings, C. W. Cook, H. H. Doe, E. F. Dearborn, G. F. Durgis, W. F. Dutton, E. F. Dutton & Co., Henry Elbridge, Mrs. G. Feich, Mrs. W. F. Farnsworth, C. H. Fuller, D. W. Farnham, C. H. Fuller & Co., Henry Frost, Elijah Gay, G. F. Gilman, R. A. Gobin, Mrs. M. J. Graves, Edwin Genge, Sadie Hanson, W. H. Hutchins, J. W. Hatch, E. P. Herrick, Mrs. B. W. Hill, W. Haskell, W. H. Huntington, W. T. Hill, J. C. Hartsell, S. Harding, J. Kennedy, John Lester, F. A. Latham, Mrs. T. Larsson, C. W. Millard, W. E. Morse, G. P. Mains, V. W. Matteson, Miss C. Mye, G. W. Morris, Miles Adv. Co., H. E. Roberts, C. D. Richardson, Mary A. Robinson, E. A. Robinson, Roxana Simon, C. F. Smith, C. A. Stenhouse, F. B. Sprague, J. W. Sprague, Mrs. C. C. Soden, Mrs. M. A. Sanger, G. M. Smith, Lucy A. Smith, E. G. Thompson, A. Thompson, J. B. Van Pelt, E. C. Wood, Mrs. D. W. Wellington.

**AN IMPORTANT COMPACT.** — By the concurrent action of the Faculties of Drew Theological Seminary and Boston University School of Theology, the work of visiting the Spring Conferences in the interests of ministerial education in the Methodist Episcopal Church has been divided as equally as possible between the two institutions. In accordance with this mutual arrangement each of these Conferences will be visited, by one representative of the theological school work of the church. This year the East Maine, New England, New Hampshire, Vermont, Troy, Northern New York, and Wyoming Conferences will be attended by a member of the Faculty of Drew Theological Seminary; and the Baltimore, Central Pennsylvania, Wilmington, Newark, New Jersey, New York and New York East Conferences by a member of the Faculty of Boston University School of Theology.

HENRY A. BUPPE,  
MARCUS D. BUELL.

**A MINISTERS' TEMPERANCE CONFERENCE.** — Arrangements have been completed for a conference of all the ministers of New Hampshire, Thursday, Feb. 20, at the Pleasant St. Baptist Church, Concord, N. H., at 11 a. m. Dinner will be provided at the church by the King's Daughters, at twenty-five cents. The conference will adjourn at 3 p. m., in session for departing trains. There will be a mass meeting in the evening at the State St. Baptist Church, when Rev. I. J. Lansing, D. D., pastor of Park St. Church, Boston, will deliver the principal address. He will also be at the day conference, as will many other prominent men.

All ministers and others desiring to attend this conference, who reside more than thirty-four miles from Concord, can secure round-trip tickets at one and one-half cents per mile. They can purchase them Feb. 19, 20 and 21, and return on them not later than the 21st. Under thirty-four miles and above twenty-five, the round-trip rate will be \$1. Tickets will be on sale at all stations on the Boston & Maine system.

R. A. BRAUND, President.

D. C. BANNOCK, Sec.

**VERMONT METHODIST SEMINARY.** — The Boston Annual Association of the V. M. S. at Montpelier has postponed its annual meeting from the usual date—Feb. 22—and will meet this year on March 7, at the United States Hotel.

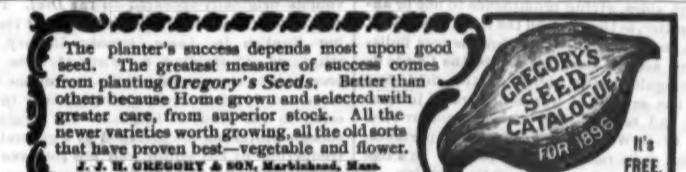
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**CINCINNATI, O.**

## Our Book Table.

History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850. By James Ford Rhodes. Vol. III. 1850-1860. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price, \$2.40.

From its deeds of valor and the political and social revolution it effected, the Civil War must forever remain a conspicuous chapter in American history. Many attempts have already been made to embody its facts in enduring record, and others will be made; but no historian, however accomplished, can give adequate expression to those mighty annals. Different types of genius will aspire to fashion and color the historical canvas. Of those who have already written, Mr. Rhodes is by no means the least; indeed, he is in some respects the most remarkable historian of the war. He came modestly upon the stage in 1882 with a couple of ample volumes under his arm, announcing his purpose to write the history of the United States from the Compromise of 1850 to the inauguration of Grover Cleveland, thirty-five years thereafter. The period covers a generation, and ranks in importance with those of the Founding and the Revolution. The Civil War was the culmination of a struggle for personal and political liberty which had continued from the colonial era. The struggle was inevitable; the outcome in the incident of Civil War was a surprise to the world.

The first two volumes were introductory, tracing the course of debate and public feeling through the ten years which preceded the opening of the war. We were everywhere struck with the author's fulness of information, extending to familiarity with the minor details of the great debate, and his forcible and often incisive and emphatic way of putting his thought. His chapters afford an immense detail of facts rather than glowing pictures of the period; data with mathematical accuracy rather than the unfolding of a series of panoramic views. This mode of treatment was due to the nature of the subject in hand; it was the period of discussion when the public feeling and conviction were main matters of consideration. As you read, you are in touch with the people as they move up to the grand crisis of 1861.

The third volume, now issued, takes us down to the fight of the "Monitor" and "Merrimac," and to the capture of New Orleans in 1862. The first chapter of this new volume is a review of the preceding decade. Though it seems to go over ground already covered, it is found, on closer inspection, to be a new presentation. The two introductory volumes trace the course of the antislavery debate which culminated in the Civil War, while this first chapter describes the marvelous material, intellectual and moral progress the people were then making. Mr. Rhodes is distinguished by his point of view. Perhaps nothing is more important in the historian; his view-point modifies his results.

Mitford wrote the history of Greece from an aristocratic standpoint; but Grote, writing from his place among the people, gave a totally new history. Each saw correctly from his standpoint. Alison wrote into his "History of Europe" a defense of the favored classes, and a condemnation of the democracy; while Thiers, in the "Revolution and Consulate," glorified the people. Though we have no aristocratic party to be defended, our historians have studied their subject from different sides, giving prominence to one or another matter, as they judged the truth demanded. Greeley, as a journalist, studied the war bulletins and acts of Congress, while the Comte de Paris magnified the strife in the field, and Hopper the science of war as illustrated in campaigns and battles. But there is another view of the Civil War which is of vast importance, and that is its relation to the people. In a free government, or republic, public opinion is mightier than aristocracies and armies. In a civil war or revolution men live rapidly; a day at such a period is often more momentous than a year or a decade at other times. In the Civil War the tide of public feeling and purpose moved with great rapidity, and to keep up with it we must have the advantage of a daily chronicle of movement and change. None of our other historians are at all equal to Mr. Rhodes in securing an accurate record of public opinion. He has been careful to mark the change from day to day, at important points copying the very language used by the daily press in making the record. This care in tracing the course of public opinion we consider one of the most valuable features in this great history.

In every part of his work the author exhibits a just appreciation of the various classes and interests with which he is called to deal and a disposition to give each fair and full expression in his record. The abolitionists and Republican leaders receive their full meed of praise, while the better qualities in the leaders in rebellion are recognized. He seems to have studied more fully than any of the others who have written on the war the movement of public opinion in the South; and for some of these inside views of the South he has been criticized. The theory prevalent at the North that the secession was the result of a conspiracy of Southern senators and representatives in Washington, he discards as without authority and adopts the view of most Southern writers on the war that the chiefs at Washington were moved by the demand of the Southern people. Probably both views have a measure of truth.

On the whole, we must conclude that Mr. Rhodes has given, so far as completed, the best history of the Civil War. He brings to his great task commanding abilities in the shape of literary skill, a sound historic judgment, and a

judicial balance, enabling him to make a fair estimate of the various forces and facts in the contest. His pages are crowded with data, giving evidence of wide and careful investigation and brightened with local color and dramatic situations. This third volume marks a decided advance in the interest of the work.

The Story of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church 1861-1885. By Miss Frances J. Baker. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Price, \$1.50.

One of the important events of our missionary century was the organization of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of our church. It enlivened the women of the church more fully in the cause of foreign evangelization, and provided an agency adapted to the special needs of those distant fields. The family life of the East is peculiar; woman is uneducated, and the home is secluded from the eyes of strangers; men, unless belonging to the family, cannot enter at all, and women can do so with difficulty only as they come with the skill of the physician. The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society has met this great need and entered with good effect many of the homes of the Eastern world. At the date of organization it was doubted whether women could wisely manage so great an enterprise. Time has proved their capacity and efficiency, and vindicated to the fullest extent the wisdom of the founders.

Twenty-five years have elapsed since the organization of the Society, and it seemed desirable to gather the facts, incidents and results of labor into a compact form. The work has been admirably performed by Miss Frances J. Baker. The Society dates back only to 1869. The writer recounts the interesting story of the organization in Tremont St. Church, Boston, and then the way it has extended its branches into many of the States. This local organization was a great work in itself. The project was taken to the camp-meetings and other church assemblies, and everywhere found a cordial response from the people. The soil was evidently ready for the new seed. Then follow some chapters of thrilling interest descriptive of the work in foreign fields. Miss Isabella Thoburn led the van in India, and was followed by a noble band of elect women, who have done honor to their Society, to the Gospel, and to their sex. The book must be read with pleasure by all interested in mission work, and especially by members of the Methodist Church. It is written in a plain, flowing and readable style, and abounds in facts and personal reminiscences of the entire movement, making one of the most thrilling and helpful chapters in the history of American Methodism.

Littell's Living Age, Sixth Series. Volume VIII. Containing the weekly numbers during October, November and December. Boston: Littell & Company. Price, \$2.35.

The Living Age, which has now run for more than half a century, occupies an altogether unique place in American literature. It came in before the monthlies had got under headway, and furnished a weekly supply of the best things appearing in the English magazines. It has always contained the cream of this foreign literature, giving just about enough in each number for the reading of a week. The bound volumes make a large library.

English in American Universities. Edited by William Morton Payne. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. Price, \$1.

Most of the twenty papers contained in this volume originally appeared in the *Dial*. They give through professors the methods of teaching English in these twenty literary institutions. Containing a variety of facts not accessible to the general public, the volume will be valued by educators, especially those interested in the study of English. The papers by college professors are preceded by a general introduction by the editor, and are followed by an appendix containing five other papers on kindred topics.

Nature in Verse. A Book of Poetry for Children. Selected by Mary L. Lovejoy. Boston: Silver, Burdett & Company. Price, 75 cents.

This little volume, beautifully gotten up and printed on good paper and in clear type, contains a selection of the best poems in the English language on nature. The child loves simple verse, and he will delight to see the beauties of nature through these snatches of song. There are songs of the four seasons and of whatever is beautiful in them.

MY LITTLE BOY BLUE. By Rosa Nouchette Carey. (New York: F. H. Revell Company. Price, 30 cents.) This is a beautiful little juvenile. It is a story of help to a little foreign waif, whose life was changed to the advantage of both the helpers and the helped. — ASPIRATION AND ACHIEVEMENT. By Frederick A. Atkins. (New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, 50 cents.) This is a small book of counsels, "a young man's message to young men," on important matters in the conduct of life. It is brief, appropriate and earnest. It deals with the elements of manhood, points out the true ideal and aim of life, the methods to be employed, and the dangers to be avoided. The survey is careful and yet delivered with the enthusiasm of a young man, himself in the thick of the battle against evil. — THE BLESSING OF CHEERFULNESS. By J. R. Miller, D. D. (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Company. Price, 35 cents.) THE HIDDEN LIFE. By J. R. Miller, D. D. (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Company. Price, 75 cents.) Dr. Miller is a writer of great ability on practical and experimental religion. Real religion is inward, in the heart and soul. "The Hidden Life" contains ten chapters, treating of the nature, conditions and results of that life. "Cheerful-

ness," the subject of the other book, is a fruit of the spiritual life, the inner experience showing itself in the temper. These are two little volumes to be kept on the table to be read in the quiet hour. — ARNOLD'S PRACTICAL SABBATH-SCHOOL COMMENTARY ON THE INTERNATIONAL LESSONS. 1896. By Mrs. T. B. Arnold. (Price, 50 cents.) This is a model of condensation. A vast body of information is brought into small compass. Besides the commentary, it furnishes hints for teachers, illustrations, blackboard exercises, questions, a map, and class registers. The blackboard exercises were prepared by Rev. E. C. Best; the practical applications by Mrs. Abbie C. Morrow, assisted by Mrs. S. B. Titterington and others. The pupil or teacher, with this work in hand, will be well furnished for the study of the year.

BIBLE CHRONOLOGY. By Rev. H. T. Bass. (Syracuse: Wesleyan Publishing House. Price, 50 cents.) There is a short form of chronology used by Usher, and a longer one employed in the Septuagint. The author gives the characteristics, and then passes on in twelve chapters to explain everything relating to the subject. The chronology of the Bible is given in several periods, and all the knotty questions by the way are considered, and, we must think, fairly solved. It is a convenient and excellent little treatise, which every Bible student will find useful. — THE ENGLISH BIBLE: A SKETCH OF ITS HISTORY. By Rev. George Milligan, B. D. (New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co. Price, 30 cents.) The great book of the English-speaking race, the English Bible, is a growth. The original translation has been retouched again and again to keep pace with the advance of the language and with the scholarship of the period. Hence the English translation above any other has a history, and that history has been given in many forms. The present booklet tells, in brief and well, the story of the many workers and their work. It is accurate and clear, extending from the early paragraphs down through Wycliffe and Tyndale to the Revised Version of 1881.

— AND THE SWORD FELL. By Carrie Goldsmith Childs. (Flora Park, N. Y.: Mayflower Publishing Co.) This little volume contains a series of social or family sketches made somewhat on the plan of a diary. The chapters exhibit much force of thought and power of expression. The author is capable of lifting the sword again. — THE SALE OF A SOUL. By F. F. Moore. (New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Price, 75 cents.) We have here another volume in the "Twentieth Century Series," in course of publication by this House. It is the story of a woman who attempts to run away from her husband with another man, but who is followed on board the West Indian steamer by the husband and made to see her awful mistake before it was too late. The book contains a salutary lesson in these days of laxity in marital relations.

— LOOKING SUNWARD; OR, RAYS OF LIGHT FOR DARKENED ROOMS. By Eliza E. Hewitt and Edmund S. Lorentz. (Dayton: Lorentz & Co. Price, 35 cents.) Beautiful selections in prose and verse for the sick-room. The little book is full of light, love and hope. Just a dash of song and consolation, prettily bound. Several pieces are set to music. — SERMONS AND SAYINGS OF BENJAMIN POMEROY. Compiled by his sister, Mrs. Sarah Pomeroy Bicknell. (Jericho, Vt.: The Roseo Printing House.) Benjamin Pomeroy was a minister of the Troy Conference and a specialist in the line of higher life experience. In the expression of religious thought he was usually eccentric and often percussive. Some of his passages are marked by great force and expressiveness. Though a Methodist, Mr. Pomeroy was first of all a holiness man; the special lines had come to mean more to him than the general range of Gospel truth. Some of his passages are unusually powerful and worthy of study. — BESSIE AND BEE. By Mary D. Brine. (New York: Hunt & Eaton.) A tasteful juvenile book, neatly bound, elegantly illustrated, and written in a chaste style. The characters are children and are drawn with exquisite art. — THE CROSS IN THE LAND OF THE TRIDENT. By Harlan P. Beach. (New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. Price, 50 cents.) This neat little volume is a study of missionary life and work in India. The book is adapted to classes in the study of the results of Christian effort. He makes admirable glances at "The Land of the Aryans," "India's Past," "The

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Common Life," "The Religious Life," "India's Real Man and Woman," and "Christian Missions in India." — SILVER JUBILEE GATHERING OF THE CATHOLIC TOTAL ABSTINENCE UNION OF AMERICA — THE OFFICIAL PROCEEDINGS. (Temperance Publication Bureau: 415 West 26th St., New York. Price, 25 cents.) Rum and Romanism have been intimately connected; they are too closely connected still; but this famous convention afforded hope that the noble men interested in the success of this movement would go on to victory. We bid them Godspeed. This pamphlet contains all the doings, including the addresses, among them that by Theodore Roosevelt. The portraits are all of priests, bishops and cardinals. — PRIVATE TINKER, AND OTHER STORIES. By John Strange Winter. (New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Price, 50 cents.) BOHEMIA INVADED, AND OTHER STORIES. By James L. Ford. (New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

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For many years I suffered from Catarrh, which destroyed my hearing, and for twenty-five years I was so deaf that I could not hear a clock strike by holding my ear against it. I had tried every known remedy, and nothing gave me the slightest relief. I obtained Dr. Moore's treatment, and in three weeks my hearing began to improve, and now I can hear common conversation across a room; can hear a clock strike in an adjoining room, 30 feet away. I think I am entirely cured, and my hearing permanently restored.

EDWIN COLEMAN, Box 585, Wichita, Kan. Medicine for Three Months' Treatment Free. To introduce the treatment and prove beyond doubt that it is a positive cure for Deafness, Catarrh, Throat and Lung Diseases, I will, for a short time, send Medicines for 3 months' treatment free.

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pany. Price, 50 cents.) Two small collections of very short stories. Though brief, they are extremely readable for their good quality and variety. They are books for the pocket and furnish reading for a leisure hour.

### Magazines.

The February *Chautauquan*, like the numbers before, abounds in valuable material. H. H. Ragin opens a serial, "Footprints of Washington." Henry King tells of the progress of "The American Press." Dr. S. A. Dunham has a second article on "The Air We Breathe," R. H. Edmonds has a thoughtful paper on "The Industrial Condition of the South before 1860." Of course, the *Chautauquan* has to touch the Monroe doctrine. Then comes the general reading, with articles by Herbert D. Ward, M. Malamont, Thomas B. Preston, Prof. Thomas Grant Allen, Prof. J. H. Gore, Franklyn Morris, and Francis De Pressense. There is some good talk around the "Woman's Council Table" and in the "Editor's Outlook." (Theodore Flood: Meadville, Pa.)

The February *Century* is excellent in both variety and quality. The Catholic reader will no doubt find greatest interest in F. Marion Crawford's vivid sketch, "Pope Leo XIII, and His Household." He is at home in the place and has the knowledge enabling him to enter into the details of the papal court life. The article by Henry M. Stanley retells "The Story of the Development of Africa." Capt. Alfred T. Mahan contributes a paper on "Nelson at Cape St. Vincent." Edward Mortimer Chapman gives "The Palmerston Ideal of Diplomacy." Dr. J. W. Palmer presents a paper on "Certain Worthies and Dames of Old Maryland." Mrs. Ward's "Sir George Treasday" and Sloane's "Life of Napoleon," of course, continue. (The Century Company: New York.)

The *Review of Reviews* for February comes with its usual fullness and excellence of matter. The department called "The Progress of the World" has many capital brief articles, with portraits. "The Current History of Civilization" selects the best for the readers of the *Review*. The general articles are fresh and timely. Warman furnishes a pretty full account of the gold discoveries at "Cripple Creek" in Colorado. Dr. Otto Arendt gives "Some Leading Errors of the Gold Standard Party." Frank L. Harriett points out "Some Damaging Facts" in the history of bimetallism. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain is sketched, with portraits. "The Massacres in Turkey" make a bloody record, followed by a good set off of Alfred Austin, "The New Poet Laureate" of England. (Review of Reviews: 13 Astor Place, New York.)

The *Forum* is always able, instructive and timely. The February number is well up to its high average. Prof. Charles Eliot Norton leads in the study of "Some Aspects of Civilization in America." Prof. Laughlin, of Chicago University, makes a diagnosis of "Our Monetary Programme." Sir Edwin Arnold considers, in an able article, "Victoria, Queen and Empress." Henry Houssaye has a fine paper on "The French Academy." Rev. Thos. P. Hughes studies "The Stage from a Clergyman's Standpoint." The symposium on Venezuela has three able papers: Prof. Woolsey defines the Monroe doctrine; Hon. Oscar S. Straus discusses the attitude of Lord Salisbury in the matter; and Isaac L. Rice determines the duty of Congress. Prof. W. T. Sedgwick details some "Notable Sanitary Experiments in Massachusetts." Bishop Doane considers the influence of the Germans on the Lord's Day observance in America. (Forum Publishing Company: 111 Fifth Ave., New York.)

### Obituaries.

**Currier.** — James M. Currier, after a short illness, died at his home in Chelsea, Mass., where he had lived for more than fifty years, Dec. 24, 1895, aged 76 years. He was born in Rochester, N. H., Nov. 18, 1819.

He married Harriet D. Clark, June 14, 1841.

She died Nov. 3, 1892.

His conversion at twenty-one years of age was genuine. The night of his conversion his conviction of sin was such that he almost ran to the altar. He had read the Bible through by course fifty-three times and his prayers and testimonies showed his familiarity with the Word. He manifested his interest in and love for the Mt. Bellington Church, of which he was a member, by his regular attendance at all the services up to the last week of his life.

Though his suffering was intense the last few hours of his life, his mind was clear and he knew that the time of his departure was at hand. Peace that flows like a river was his to the last, for he was conscious of the Saviour's presence. E. H.

**Barrett.** — Charles M. Barrett died at South Amherst, N. H., Jan. 29, 1896, aged 47 years.

His disease was complicated, long and distressing. Enlarged liver and spleen pressing against his heart made it difficult for him to breathe for many months before his death.

Mr. Barrett was converted at about eighteen years of age and joined the Methodist Church. About eighteen years ago he moved to South Amherst and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in that place, in which as a trustee and steward he lived a faithful member until his departure to the church on high. He and his excellent wife were the united heads of a happy family of a son and two daughters who have grown to years when they are useful members of society. One of them, Kittle, is also a member of the church of her parents. Only one male member remains in the little church which by death and removals has become reduced to only twelve members, nine of whom are available. Mrs. Barrett is an invalid, nearly helpless with rheumatism. The prospect of continued life on earth is not bright, but she is happy in hope of the life to come.

A large gathering of relatives and neighbors assembled at their residence to pay their last tokens of respect to a beloved brother, friend and neighbor. A. B. RUSSELL.

**Shurtleff.** — Lois Shurtleff was born in June, 1817, and died in the triumphs of faith in Livermore, Maine, Dec. 7, 1895, aged 78 years and 6 months.

Mrs. Shurtleff early gave her fresh young heart to Christ, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church with her husband, who survives her. For more than sixty years she was an earnest disciple and with her husband did effective work in establishing the work of the Lord and building up the church. She was much loved by the preacher. Her home was always open to the preacher.

Until recent years she has been remarkably strong, but the last few months of her life she failed rapidly in mind and body. She was cared for by an only son and family, with whom she and her husband have lived for several years, and where the funeral services were conducted by her pastor, Rev. C. A. Brooks. "To live is Christ, and to die is gain." C. A. BROOKS.

**Bartlett.** — Mrs. Sarah Bartlett, of Livermore, Me., died Jan. 4, 1896, in great peace and wonderful victory, aged 87 years and 10 months.

In early life she became a member of the M. E. Church, and ever continued a loyal, loving, devoted member.

She was married to Rev. Asa Green some fifty-eight years ago, and they followed the itinerant life for over twenty years. They loved their work and God honored their labors. Jonathan Bartlett, her second husband, was formerly a sea captain, and was a devoted follower of his Master, departing this life in great peace. Since his death Mrs. Bartlett has lived with her only son, who has given her tender care. Her step-daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Knight, of Portland, Me., watched over her in her last hours very tenderly. Her mind was clear, and she talked about the church and the Zion she loved so well almost to the last. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." C. A. BROOKS.

**Herendeen.** — Sanford Herendeen died Dec. 29, 1895, in Woods Hole, Mass. He was born in Woodstock, Conn., in 1807.

When eighteen years of age he went to Naushon Island, and while there, out in the fields alone with his God, had a wonderfully real conversion. This was but the dawn of a new life which grew brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

He married Temperance S. Robinson, of Woods Hole, in 1827. She died in 1842, leaving nine children, six of whom are living. In 1844 he married Mary E. Drody, of Hyannis, who died Dec. 28, 1894. Of five children of this marriage three are now living.

Early in life he became a member of the M. E. Church, and while until his death he was a staunch supporter of that faith, he was in the truest sense filled with a spirit of brotherly love for all believers, and offered earnest prayers with heartfelt exhortations for those out of the fold.

None could know but to love and honor him. During the last few years of the eighty and eight which were granted him, he seemed to lose sight of earthly things in a great measure, as though the spirit was already translated to the better world. He did not recognize even his own dear children, but would talk of his Saviour and repeat Scripture with wonderful accuracy. Many a young man fitting for the ministry has testified that he esteemed it a privilege to sit at the feet of this man of God and learn lessons of divine truth. Only the day before his tired body was laid to rest he sang tremblingly, but with a voice full of heaven's own melody, one of the songs of Zion he loved so well. At the last he fell asleep to wake, we believe, triumphant where there shall be no night forever.

**Tibbets.** — Fred H. Tibbets was born in Whitefield, Me., July 26, 1841, and died in Somerville, Mass., Oct. 29, 1895.

He lived in his native State until 1865, when he removed to Somerville, where he continued to live until his death. He was converted in East Somerville in the winter of 1871. Moving the next year to West Somerville, he became one of a small nucleus that formed the Park Ave. Church. He was a member of its first class and also of its first board of trustees. He retained this office in the church as long as he lived.

His life was an active one. Full of energy, and of a cheerful and hopeful disposition, he carried life and purpose into his religious and church relationships. The character of the man may be seen in his remarkable experience on the ill-fated steamer "City of Columbus," wrecked off Gay Head Light in January, 1884. When all had been driven into the rigging by the fearful waves of that cold night, he found near him a young man anxious for his soul. Without an overcoat, and those about him freezing and failing into the dashing waters, he nevertheless vocally prayed for this young man and told him the story of the world's Redeemer. He was greatly affected by it, and taking from his pocket a pack of cards and throwing them into the sea, said, "I do not want to go into the presence of my Maker with these cards about me." The experience of Mr. Tibbets on that terrible night was remarkable in many ways, but through it all he evinced the qualities of the true man and Christian.

His sickness and early death were caused by the severe shock of that long-to-be-remembered night. His trust in Christ was complete to the last. G. BEEKMAN.

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## Review of the Week.

Tuesday, February 4.

Gen. Harrison withdraws from the Presidential contest.

Balfour, in a public speech, declares that England and the United States should work together.

The ninth expedition of Spanish troops to sail for Havana on the 12th inst.

The stranded steamer "St. Paul" moved 125 feet.

Death of Rev. Dr. T. W. Chambers, senior pastor of the Collegiate Church, New York city.

The Weber Piano Co. in New York assigns.

Burning of the historic First Parish (Unitarian) Church, on Meeting House Hill, Dorchester; built in 1816.

Wednesday, February 5.

The Speaker of the New Mexico House of Representatives killed for prosecuting cattle thieves.

Sir Cecil Rhodes arrives in London.

The stranded steamer "St. Paul" hauled out of the sand; she steams to her dock in New York.

Edwin F. Uhl, first Assistant Secretary of State, appointed ambassador to Germany.

Ecuador calls for a congress of the three Americas to take steps to protect their common interests.

The Tariff bill in the Senate amended to a free coinage measure.

Gen. Campos arrives in Madrid.

Hard fighting in Cuba; Macao said to have lost 62 men.

British tank steamer "Wild Flower" supposed to have blown up off the Irish coast; she had 20 men on board.

Mr. H. M. Whitney offers to furnish Boston 50-cent gas.

Thursday, February 6.

A German carpenter in Chicago, out of work and despondent, murders his parents, wife and children, and then shoots himself.

The Senate Foreign Relations committee reports a new resolution recommending definite recognition of belligerent rights for the Cubans.

Opening of the bids for bonds at the Treasury; the whole amount covered five times over; total number of bids, 4,640; total amount, \$668,260.

Minister Terrell will appoint Clara Barton and her associates as bearers of relief to Armenians.

Congress takes action forbidding prize-fights in the Territories and in the District of Columbia.

Brown Bros., of New York, acknowledge the receipt of \$37,000.00 for the Armenian sufferers.

Mr. Vest bitterly assails Secretary Morton in a speech in the Senate; Mr. Dingley, in the House, makes an able speech in opposition to the Senate free-coining substitute for the House Bond bill.

Friday, February 7.

John Hayes Hammond, the American mining engineer, released from jail in Pretoria on bail.

Several buildings wrecked by storm in Brooklyn.

Thirteen workmen drowned by the collapse of a bridge which they were repairing near Bristol, Conn.

Dr. Cyrus Edson, of New York, devises a new remedy for consumption.

Death, at Baltimore, of Gen. John Gibbon, the famous Indian fighter.

The Inspector-general of telephones in France embezzles several million francs and is a fugitive.

The A. P. A. councils in Connecticut condemn Senator Hawley for voting to confirm Gen. Copinger.

Flood, wreck and damage along the Atlantic coast caused by high wind and rain.

The Senate unanimously passes the anti-prize-fighting bill.

Saturday, February 8.

Bound Brook, N. J., visited by fire and flood; much damage done.

The cruiser "Raleigh" ordered to inter-

cept the steamer "Vessey," which left Norfolk Feb. 3; Gen. Garcia, with an expedition, said to be on board.

Death, in Indianapolis, of Hon. William H. English, a candidate for the Vice Presidency on the ticket with Gen. Hancock.

Mr. Frye elected president *pro tempore* of the Senate; the House continues the debate on silver. Remarks made by Mr. Talbert, of South Carolina, justifying secession, cause a wrangle.

The President signs the anti-prize-fight bill.

All hands on board the British steamer "Lamington," wrecked on Great South Beach, L. I., saved.

A big trading caravan attacked by Masai warriors in East Africa and more than 1,000 men killed.

Almost a riot in Madrid; crowds march to the palace and to Gen. Campos' house and cheer for the Republic.

Monday, February 10.

President Kruger of the Transvaal accepts Mr. Chamberlain's offer to go to England.

Schooner "Florida" and her crew of seven lost off Salisbury Beach.

A report that Macao has been defeated in Cuba with a loss of 80 killed.

Gen. Baratieri calls for twelve battalions of infantry, six mounted batteries, and 2,500 miles for his Abyssinian campaign.

## Rheumatism Has Vanished.

"I was greatly troubled with dyspepsia, rheumatism, insomnia and various other afflictions consequent on a run down condition of the system. I tried various remedies but nothing seemed to help me. I saw Hood's Saraparilla advertised in the papers and took it. It gave me refreshing sleep and I very soon began feeling better in every way. It has given me a good appetite, purified my blood, cleared my complexion and my rheumatism is a thing of the past. I would not be without Hood's Saraparilla. I have recommended it to my friends and many of them have taken it by my advice." Mrs. D. A. Kimball, 38 Madison St., Somerville, Mass.

## The Conferences.

(Continued from Page 12.)

Efficient help. The Baptists have begun preaching services in the Universalist church and are reported as intending to organize a church. Where is the "International Committee on Church Comity" for New Hampshire? It would seem that the organization of another evangelical society in Berlin at this time is premature and must embarrass rather than aid the work of Christ in this town. The principle of competition is excellent; but in certain conditions it ought to be subordinated to the principle of co-operation.

Gorham, N. H.—The zealous labors of Rev. G. I. Lowe are appreciated and his return for the second year is officially requested.

Bethel and Mason.—Preaching services at West Bethel, which have been held every alternate Sabbath, are discontinued for the winter. Services are continued at Mason with good attendance and interest. At Bethel eight members of the Junior League have passed examinations in Bible study, answering over one hundred questions out of one hundred and fifty, and have received diplomas. A praying band has been organized recently. Twenty-nine copies of ZION'S HERALD are taken—more than one copy to every five members of the church. East North Yarmouth has one copy for every three members. What a record can show a better record?

Locke's Mills.—Twelve members have been added to the church during the quarter; 16 for the year. The Sunday-school has recently purchased a small but select library. Rev. H. A. Rich, in this his first charge, has proved himself a "workman that needeth not to be ashamed," and the church shows its appreciation by requesting his return for the third year.

Fryeburg and Stow.—Ready cash in rural charges cannot be abundant when roads are bare of snow in the middle of January and potatoes command only ten cents per bushel. The presiding elder was entertained during his recent visit by good people who harvested six hundred bushels of potatoes last fall, which cannot be sold for more than ten cents a bushel at the cellar, or fifteen cents a bushel at the railway station, eight miles distant. Despite hard financial conditions, the people here show their appreciation for the preacher in charge, Rev. G. W. Barber, cheerfully communicating with him in the necessities and comforts of life.

## JUNIOR.

## New England Conference.

New England Methodist Historical Society.—This society held its meeting at the time and place of the Preachers' Meeting. Dr. N. T. Whitaker delivered a masterly address on "Christianity Ushering in the Kingdom of God."

## Boston South District.

First Church, Boston.—Near the close of the prayer-meeting, Friday night, Hon. E. H. Dunn arose, and in a tender and appropriate address presented to the church, in behalf of James Woolson of Cambridge, an elegant and costly pulpit Bible and Hymnal, suitably inscribed. Mr. Woolson was a member of the old church on Hanover St., and his continued interest in the mother church is very pleasing to his former associates. The pastor, Rev. C. L. Goodell, accepted the beautiful gift in behalf of the church.

South Boston, St. John's.—Dr. S. L. Baldwin, of the Missionary office, New York, gave a splendid address last Sunday evening. It was full of latest information put in a most attractive way.

Roslyn Dale, Bethany Church.—Miss Mabel C. Hartford, recently from China, spoke at this church last Sunday morning—a most interesting address. The union evangelistic services, under the leadership of Rev. C. L. Jackson, closed Sunday afternoon. They have been suc-

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cessful in bringing many to decide for Christ. The evangelist is "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

Holyoke.—At the fourth quarterly conference the return of the pastor, Rev. F. T. Pomeroy, was requested by unanimous vote. The reports showed prosperity in all departments. The Epworth League recently gave its third entertainment in Morgan Chapel, Boston. The Mercy and Help department is active in city missionary work.

Uxbridge.—Rev. E. H. Tunnicliffe, the pastor, has conducted a very successful series of special services continuing three weeks. A good number of conversions and very general interest are among the cheering results.

## Boston East District.

Malden, Centre Church.—Rev. J. H. Weber, the "cyclone evangelist," is holding meetings in this church.

Lynn, St. Paul's.—Feb. 2, 14 probationers were received and 5 adult candidates were baptized. The January meetings were attended by the power of the Spirit. Some were converted, and many of the church were quickened. Indications point to a continuance of the work. The pastor, Rev. W. T. Worth, has a seventeen days' outing in New York, Philadelphia and Washington.

Prospect St., Gloucester.—A gracious revival has been in progress at this church since the first of January. The pastor, Rev. Henry L. Wriston, has preached every night except Saturdays for five weeks. Twenty-two thus far have united with the church on probation. The pastor has been most loyally supported by the official and other members of the church, many of whom did not miss a service during the series. The ladies have organized a weekly prayer-meeting; a young ladies' class will meet with Mrs. Wriston at the parsonage; and the young men of the church will be met weekly by the pastor in a series of talks on church history. All departments of the church feel the inspiration of this work of grace.

Swampscott.—Five persons were received into the church, Sunday morning, Feb. 2—2 by letter and 3 on probation. There were two baptisms. Rev. A. C. Skinner is pastor.

## Boston North District.

Somerville, Flint St.—This has been a very prosperous year under the leadership of Dr. R. L. Greene. Every organization and department of church work is thriving with vigorous interest and life. The church building has been made very inviting in its new dress of paint and fresco, new carpets and cushions. The Sunday-school is increasing. The Epworth and Junior Leagues are both in a very prosperous condition; the Junior League has nearly one hundred in attendance at its regular meetings, while the Epworth League is doing very progressive work and constantly adding to its number. The weekly offerings without the pew rents will pay the current expenses for the year, while the money for repairs has been raised. Dr. Greene has been unanimously invited to return another year. The membership of the church has been largely increased during the year.

## Springfield District.

W. F. M. S.—Miss Mabel C. Hartford has been assigned to this district for one week, and speaks as follows: Feb. 10, Greenfield; 11, Shelburne Falls; 12, State St.; 13, Northampton; 14, Westfield; 15, morning, Holyoke; evening, Chicopee; 17, Wilbraham, for the Young Ladies' Society in the Academy.

The State St. auxiliary holds its silver anniversary, Wednesday, Feb. 12. The society in Trinity Church celebrated the same event last week.

Personal.—Several churches, including the two at Chicopee and State St., have had the Canadian Jubilee Singers, who gave a splendid entertainment entirely suitable to the church.

Ware.—Rev. A. M. Osgood has recently prepared so good a statistical address of local interest that the Ware River News is to republish it, there having been so many calls for it. A proposition was made to elect him president of the Board of Trade, because of this address and his general interest in the affairs of the town. Thus even a three years' pastor is felt to be a citizen.

Holabridge.—Evangelist Walter S. Martin will soon begin work with this church. A unique feature of the last communion service was an address to the children, who had the front pews, by the pastor, Rev. C. H. Walters.

Chicopee.—The sixth wedding anniversary of Rev. and Mrs. G. F. Durgin was made the occasion of a pleasant reception in the church parlor. A large company was present. The choir, with Mrs. L. E. Hitchcock as reader, furnished the program, which closed with a school declamation by Judge L. E. Hitchcock into which he wove a speech to the pastor and wife and presented them with a beautiful silver service of five pieces and a trunk of solid silver. The whole cost about \$200, and represented the loving gifts of more than one hundred families.

Amherst.—This church has been enjoying a steady, growing revival all winter. The at-

tendance on Sunday evenings taxes the seating capacity of the church. Conversations are reported nearly every week. Up to the present time the pastor has not had any assistance, but will call to his aid Miss May Frost and Miss Fanny Simpson, the evangelists who have recently closed a series of remarkable meetings in the Seventh St. Methodist Church of New York city. The work will begin March 15. Rev. A. L. Squier is pastor.

South Hadley Falls.—In view of the drawing near the close of Rev. J. H. Stubbs' fifth year, a delightful reception by the superintendent of the town schools was given to him and his wife. The high school teachers and local pastors and wives were present.

D. F. G.

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